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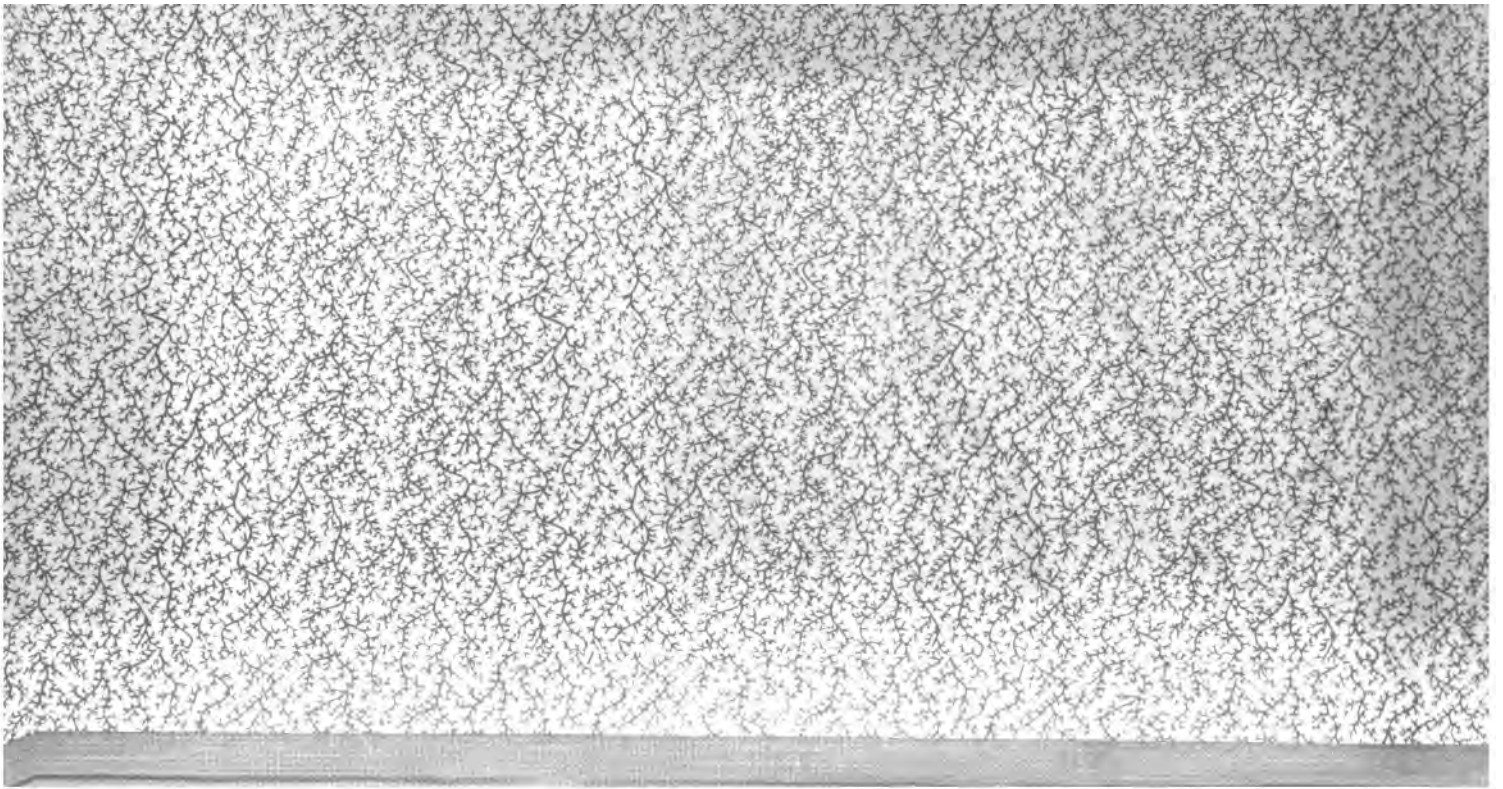

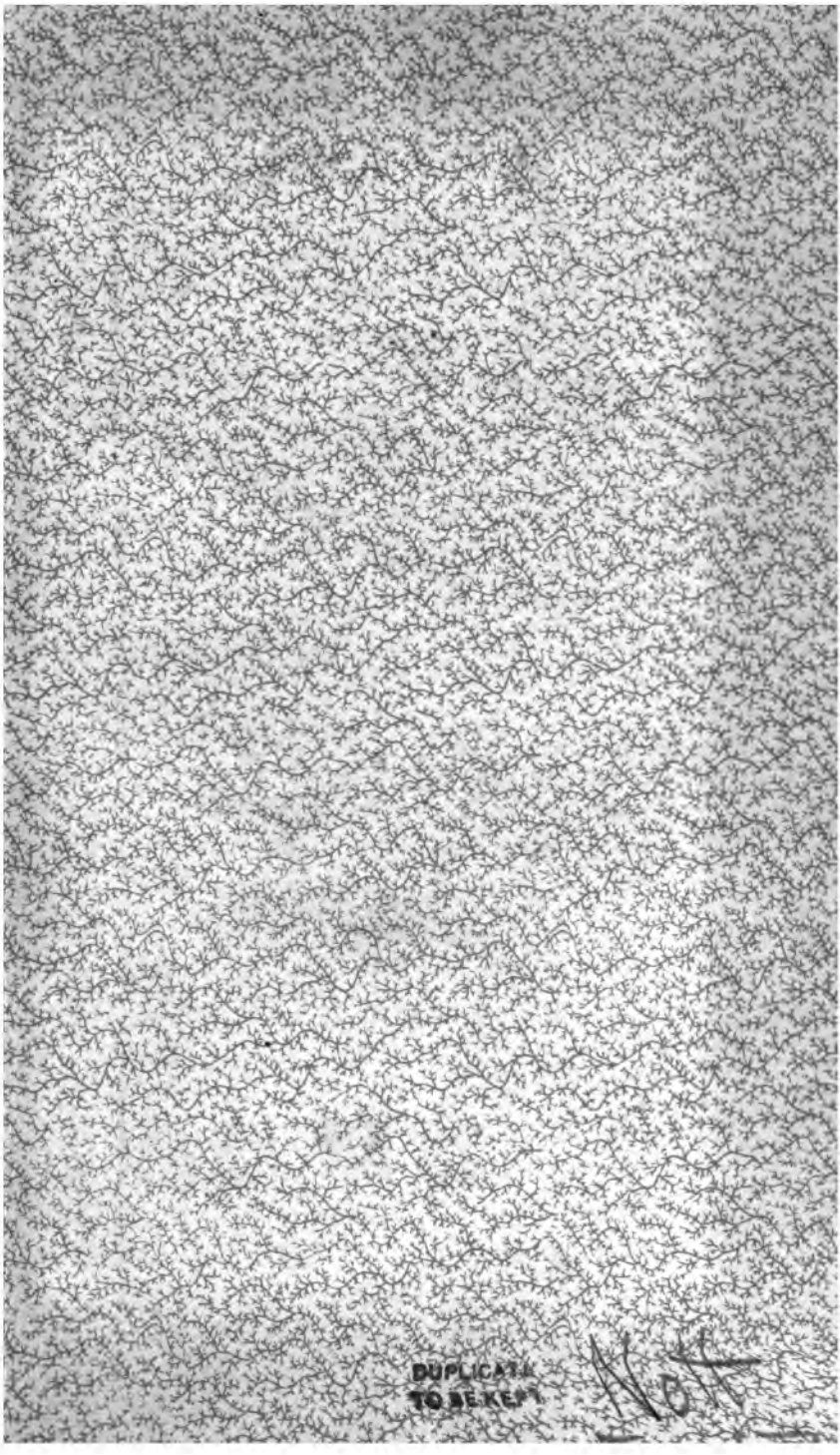
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TO BE KEPT

☆FORDHAM MORRIS

Miscellaneous

WORKS.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

SCHENECTADY:

PUBLISHED BY WM. J. M'CARTEE, BOOKSELLER.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume is submitted to the public without any agency or interest whatever on the part of the author. The repeated calls for the single sermons and addresses, which had become scarce, although some of them had undergone several editions, induced the editor to collect and publish them in the present form; and it is hoped this circumstance will place the AUTHOR beyond the imputation of any errors that may occur in the work.

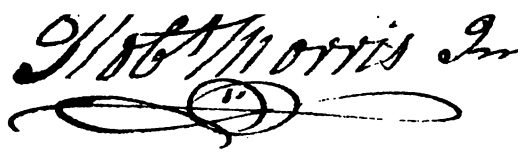
DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-eight day of April, in the thirty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, RYER SCHERMERHORN, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. BY ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D. PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE. WITH AN APPENDIX.

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

CHAR. CLINTON,
Clerk of the District of New-York



PREFACE.

TO a mind intent upon a sober estimation of personal merit, two sorts of relations naturally offer themselves for consideration. The one subsisting between the Creator and his creatures, is permanent; the other, confined to these last, is mutable.—Should we adopt the choice of piety in this alternative, we might, perhaps, be led to conjecture, not only that the souls of all men have the same essential parts, but that these parts were originally the same also in degree; and that the immense variety of talent, sentiment and character, existing in the world, owes its being wholly to a correspondent variety in the material constitutions of its subjects. If such be, indeed, the fact; if the philosopher and the fool may ascribe their difference to a transient cause; if Newton's mind was clearer than others only because it was less obstructed in its operations: what exalted notions may we not indulge of that intellectual change which awaits an entire disenthralment; what admiration of the powers that even the meanest spirit of earth will display when restored by death to the perfect liberties of simple, unincumbered being? How-

then, reverting to the present state, shall we distinguish the grades of human excellence ? or how discover any excellence at all ? Verily the expiring maniac, to whose final groan God answers " Live !" shall supplicate the pity of his Father on the poor wisdom of this world.

But we must speak in the language of common remark. We must leave this humbling, unfrequented side of the alternative, and pass over to the wilderness of particular relations, where myriads resort, where temporal honors have a name, and where all the passions of our nature hunt their prey. Yet we come not hither to challenge those honors for our author. They cannot be totally withheld. Honored he must be, till genius and eloquence shall be contemned. Nor can the disingenuity of his censors affect the ultimate reputation of the individual, any farther than they can depreciate the absolute value of the qualities he possesses. He is therefore secure. But the occasion imposes a duty which this reflection alone does not satisfy.

It has been said, that splendid talents are seldom nice about exactness of expression. Reason, no less than experience, confirms the remark. Besides, what is to be the criterion of correct style ? The usages of approved writers ? These are at variance both with one another and themselves. The rules of philologers ? We have also grammarian *versus* grammarian. A proper test is, indeed, very desirable. By the best we have, which is the judgment of polite scholars, not the caprice of critics, the compositions here offered, a

second time, to the public, will, it is thought, be less liable to exception, for a few trifling marks of inadvertency that may possibly be found, than to admiration for the many exquisite beauties which pervade them, and their general superiority of style over the ordinary effusions of the desk.

But, it is said, they are addressed to the passions. In what manner? Is it by juggling and incantation? No: it is by the plain dealing of reason and Revelation. For what purpose? Is it to excite civil commotion? No: it is to feed the poor, to gospelize the savage, to make crime odious and avert the horrors of the second death. With such views can a Christian mind be calm? Again it is said, the understanding should be first convinced. It is already so. The duty of man is plain. God has written it in capitals. He that runs may read. So that the business of an apostle that is uninspired, is, not to teach new doctrines, but to declare and enforce the old. Alas, though many sermons are printed, few, after they have lost the little animation of the personal delivery, are calculated to produce any effect. We mean no disparagement. They are pious, and therefore respectable. We only mean that the fire of religion should emit a brighter flame. The heart of a preacher should swell and burst in his discourse. The wretches of the curse should see his blood.

President Nott does, indeed, apply himself assiduously to the feelings of his hearers. He inclines to the character of the French divines. His object and talent are at once persuasion. He has all the benefit of

order without its formality. Around his argument, which is well adjusted, he scatters the fairest flowers of rhetoric, to entice and fix the attention. He excels most in the descriptive, the pathetic, and the sublime; which indeed, are nearly allied, and which he sometimes unites with resistless effect. His sense is always full and dignified. He seldom sinks, never falls; and does every thing by design. Would to heaven there were thousands such in the vineyard of Christ! As far as we are able to judge, he is decidedly first on the catalogue of pulpit orators in this country. We submit the question to the public and posterity.

A

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

IN ALBANY,

The Fourth of July, 1801.

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH

ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY

ELIPHALET NOTT, A. M.

THE

PROVIDENCE OF GOD,

TOWARDS

AMERICAN ISRAEL.

THE celebration of events, which have been replete with consequences beneficial to mankind, has long been practised among the nations of the world. A sacred festival, annually solemnized, kept alive in Israel the recollection of their deliverance from Egyptian thraldom, and an altar erected upon the banks of Jordan perpetuated the remembrance of the joyful day, when passing that river, they entered in triumph the promised land.

Hence probably arose the commemorating statues, festivals and anniversaries of the east. But however this may be, such memorials are doubtless rational, *when* instituted to preserve unanimity in a nation, and hand down the knowledge of important eras in its history.

Impressed with the truth of this sentiment, and led by the impulse of their own feelings, the citizens of America celebrate the day that gave birth to their independence.

At the recollection of this event, the pulse of joy beats high in a thousand hearts, and the song of joy sounds loud from a thousand tongues.

The hoary veteran is now ruminating the toils he has endured, and the battles he has fought for his country; and the matron of seventy-six is rehearsing the long tale of American independence.

The return of this auspicious day brings back the scenes and revives the emotions of former times.

Influenced by one common ardor, the patriots of America are assembling on the east and on the west, on the north and on the south, to review the perils and hardships through which they have struggled, and to celebrate the happiness and glory to which they have attained.

Called to lead your meditations on an occasion like the present, I should do violence to my own feelings, as well as insult the dignity of a Christian assembly, should I attempt to act *the partisan*, and thus lead you into the uncertain field of political discussion.

So obvious is the design of this anniversary, that methinks my audience must have already anticipated me in the choice of my subject, and assembled with minds prepared to review the wonders which GOD hath wrought for our fathers and for us:

With a view to this, I have chosen for my text the

8TH VERSE OF THE iii CHAPTER OF EXODUS.

"*And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land, unto a good land and a large; unto a land flowing with milk and honey.*"

These words were spoken to Moses, at Horeb, out of the midst of the burning bush; and they contain a declaration of the designs of Providence relative to his suffering people, *then* in Egypt, and a gracious promise of speedy deliverance. They admit, however, of an application to *American Zion.* For "all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

Our deliverance from foreign domination may be *not inaptly* compared to the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage—In the view of which, we may reiterate the sentiment of the text and say, *surely the Lord hath been down, and delivered us out of the hand of the Egyptians, and brot us up out of that land, into a good land and a large; into a land flowing with milk and honey,*

See thus, my hearers, the subject and scope of the present discourse, subjects interesting to every American and correspondent to the purposes for which we are assembled.

In retracing the history of our fathers, from the first settlement of our country down to the revolu-

tion, we find little else but details of hardship and suffering.

Few in number, and scattered over an immense territory, the greatest part of which was a howling wilderness, swarming with inhospitable savages, their wants, their perils and their enemies were many.

United to a foreign nation, they were necessarily entangled in her politics, disturbed by her broils, hated by her enemies and distressed by her wars.

Goshen *soon became an object of contention*..... France coveted the place assigned *for Joseph's brethren to feed their flocks.* For more than half a century she strove to obtain it. On the west she encompassed us with a chain of fortresses, and on the east our shores lay defenceless to her carnage. Nothing less was contemplated than the complete extirpation of the protestants in America, and the establishment of the spiritual jurisdiction of the Roman see.

To accomplish the more effectually this nefarious purpose, she excited the jealousy of the natives against us, put into the hand of their warriors the instruments of death, *designated* the families to be butchered, and even rewarded their cruelty, when they had *butchered them.*

Thus hunted down on the one hand, by hordes of barbarous savages, and pressed on the other by the more barbarous troops of a sanguinary despot, *every man's heart fainted, and every man's hand became weak.*

Danger encircled every dwelling, and death lurked in every path! Neither age nor sex furnished the least protection. The groans of the widow sadly echoed from the cottage, and the sighs of the infant floated on the breeze. The labourer was murdered in the field, the slumberer was massacred on his pillow, and the worshipper was slain at the Altar of his God.

These calamities, tho' great, were but the beginning of sorrow. Hitherto we had received some protection from our parent country.

George the second was a father to his colonies. How different the character of his successor! May we not say, in the language of scripture, that now "*there arose a new king in Egypt that knew not Joseph.*"

After the accession of George the third to the throne, Great-Britain adopted a policy towards America cruel and oppressive—A policy which, had it been submitted to, must have enslaved these colonies, and put an end to all their chartered privileges.

The colonists were not insensible of this *fell design.* They saw with indignation the first encroachment on their liberties. The alarm was instantly sounded. Every citizen awoke to a sense of the common danger, and measures were immediately adopted to ward off the impending blow.

Desirous of peace, and loyal to the British crown, they first addressed his majesty in language of humble petitioners.

But their petitions, like the groanings of Israel in Egypt, only provoked new grievances and drew down heavier burdens upon them. One exorbitant claim was followed by another. A more numerous herd of task-masters were appointed to superintend our labours, tax our industry, and fleece us of our earnings.

Despairing of redress in this way, and finding that insult was only added to injury, and injury to insult, the colonists altered the tone of their address and assumed the attitude of bold and manly resistance. This, however, instead of discouraging, only strengthened Britain in her resolution to enslave her colonies. To this object all her measures were directed, till at length they terminated in open war.

The first blood was shed at Lexington. Never did an event give a more general shock. A sudden thrill passed through the heart of every American. In what *manner* this contest was to be decided remained no longer uncertain. *Then* the brave New-Englanders, while the blood streamed from the wounds of their slaughtered brethren, grasped every man his *arms* and flew to their relief. *Then* the patriots of America unsheathed their swords, and appealing to Heaven for the justice of their cause, pledged themselves to each other by every thing dear and sacred, never to sheathe them till their country's wrongs were redressed, and her violated rights restored. Thus the veins which Britain opened, nerved the arm of resistance, and quickened the pulse of independence; and the *first blood* she drew from the

hearts of freemen proved the powerful cement of an extensive and indissoluble union.

Forced into war, vast were the difficulties these infant colonies had to encounter; hard and of long duration were their struggles of liberty. The *host* of our enemies was numerous, their resources great; they were skilled in military discipline, distinguished for prowess, and led by experienced generals. To this *mighty phalanx* we were able to oppose only a rustic band collected on the *spur of the occasion* from the yeomanry of our country, destitute of arms and ammunition, unaccustomed to war and "having no resources but their valour, and no general but their God."

During the first years of this unequal contest, how gloomy and ill-boding was the aspect of our affairs! Our embarrassments were numerous; our sufferings immense. Our cities were burnt or plundered, our fields covered with dead bodies, and our valleys soaked in blood. Of the flower of our country many fell in battle, many perished in prison-ships, and many became the victims of desolating pestilence. Our frontiers *lay naked* to the stroke of the tomahawk, and our sea-ports *were open* to the thunder of British cannon. Surrounded by enemies, alarm succeeded to alarm, and disaster to disaster. In the mean time a paper currency, daily depreciating in its value, excited mutual distrust, suspended in a great measure private intercourse, and even palsied the *very energies* of government. At this awful crisis! when solicitude sat on every countenance, and anxie-

ty wrung every heart; when America, like Israel upon the *brink* of the sea, stood trembling, unable to withstand, and having no refuge from her enemies; then the Almighty appeared for the deliverance of his suffering people. The arm of Omnipotence *stretched down from heaven*, smote the wave that was overwhelming us: it divided; and we passed through into a new world, from which our feet were to return no more into the land of oppression.

Now commenced a new era in the history of America. Her independence was acknowledged by Britain; her triumphs celebrated through the world. This event, tho' it gave a new aspect to our affairs, did not put an end to our trials or embarrassments. The war left us exhausted by exertion, and oppressed with debt. The insufficiency of the old confederation, "formed in moments of political enthusiasm, whose bonds were a parchment, and whose commands a request,"* now became manifest. A dark cloud *again* overspread the horizon of liberty, and every thing boded evil. Discontent under heavy taxation prevailed among individuals. One state was distracted by insurrection, and each pursued a policy peculiar to itself. On every side were jaring interests and clashing claims. The energies of government, *already too feeble*, were evidently relaxing, the bonds of the union bursting assunder and the whole system tending to dissolution. But he who had led us through the sea did not forsake us in the wilderness. The pillar of divine glory *still rested on*

* Dr. Dwight's Sermon.

his tabernacle, and the finger of Providence *again* pointed out the way of safety. The patriots of our country once more assembled, when, guided in their counsels by wisdom from above, they originated and matured the American Constitution, that *magnum opus*, which hath proved a *rock of safety*. On which as yet unshaken stands the temple of our liberties.

The framing and adoption of the constitution were events, than which nothing could be more happy in its consequences to us—to man; nor any thing more expressive of the benevolence of Heaven and the superintending Providence of God. This was the consummation of our wishes; this the answer of our prayers; this put us in a situation to maintain our independence and defend our liberties.

Thus *have we been borne as on eagles' wings and sheltered as in the hollow of the Almighty's hand.*

From this land of bondage, from which you have escaped; this sea of affliction, through which you have waded; this gloomy desart, where once you wandered, and where many of your fathers and brethren perished turn your eyes——to fields of plenty and a land of peace. *For the Lord came down and delivered us up to a good land, and a large; a land similar to that which he gave to his people of old.*

The Canaan which the Israelites inherited was distinguished for the healthfulness of its climate, the pleasantness of its situation and the fertility of

its soil. *It was a goodly land, a land flowing with milk and honey.* Such also is the land which God hath given to our fathers and unto us. It partakes of *whatever* is excellent, both with respect to soil and climate. Its surface, like Judea, is beautifully variegated with hills and vallies, watered with numerous rivers fertilizing as Jordan, and in point of luxuriance and capability of culture it is not inferior to the so much celebrated Canaan of the east.

All *the vegetable productions of Europe* flourish in some parts of the United States. Here the labours of the husbandman are *richly* rewarded. The fields *now* bend beneath their annual tribute. The *very cottage* overflows with plenty, and the *peasant's* board is covered with variety.

From our grannaries the islands of the sea are supplied; by our harvests the hungry of many nations are fed.

The land which the Israelites inherited was not only good, but large, including *the places of the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Amorites, the Perizzites, the Hevites, and the Jebusites.* So is united America *large*, extending from the Atlantic to the Missisippi; from the Irroquois to the St. Mary's. A territory greater in extent than Britain, Ireland, France, Portugal, Spain, Germany, Holland, Italy, European Turkey, Hungary, Bohemia, Switzerland and Lithuania. *Thousands* of townships have been peopled, *and millions of acres* cleared, since the revolution. Multitudes are still penetrating the

regions o the west, and converting the forest into the fruitful field, and yet there is *room*—*room* for our own increasing population, and also for the numerous emigrants flocking hither from distant nations.

Was the land of Judea divided amongst its inhabitants? So in this favored country—the cultivator is the proprietor of the soil. "No usurping despot here fixes his standard and awes Americans into a state of vassalage. No haughty nobility engrosses the soil, and reduces the people to the necessity of starving or submitting to the drudgery of slaves." No; "each man is his own master, walks on his own ground,"* tills his own field, *eats the fruit of his own labour*, and rests beneath the shade of his own *fig-tree.*

Did the Israelites enjoy, in the land whither they were brought, the inestimable privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences and the precepts of his word? So do Americans.

In *defence* of religious liberty many of our ancestors suffered martyrdom. In pursuit of this they left their native country, and fled to the *wilderness*, where after many struggles they obtained it.

In these United States no civil code binds the conscience; no assuming pontiff dictates to us our faith. Happy, thrice happy land, where religion

* Maxcy's Oration.

stands upon its own basis, where truth is vindicated by its own weapons, and conquers by its own evidence. Here light without a veil emanates from the sun of righteousness, and salvation, *without a mixture*, flows pure and unrestrained from its sacred source—*the gospel.*

Such is our situation, and *such* our privilege. "This is indeed the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Is our present situation *marvellous?* It will appear *more* so, if we consider the *means* by which we have been exalted to it.

The *manner* in which these colonies have been preserved from savage barbarity, from French usurpation, and finally delivered from British tyranny, is little less than miraculous.

While it was in the power of the natives to have swallowed us up, they were mercifully restrained: *afterwards*, when they attempted it, they were delivered into our hand.

Against the French, God fought for America. In *this warfare* he enlisted the elements, marshalled the thunder, and commissioned the pestilence.

The fleet which was fitted out in 1746, at vast expence, for the sanguinary purpose of conquering Nova-Scotia, destroying Boston, and ravaging the whole extent of our defenceless coasts, was providentially defeated in its object. After this mighty armament was ready to put to sea, it was shut up for weeks

in the ports of France, by an embargo *from heaven.* When crossing the Atlantic, its ships were so tossed by the waves and shattered by the tempests, that *like the chariots of Pharaoh, when the Lord looked upon them through the pillar of fire, they moved heavily.* A part only of this fleet ever reached our shores. The admiral, to whom this work of *death* was committed, disheartened by those disasters, fell into an apoplexy, or drank poison and died. The second in command, struck with sudden terror from the Almighty, put an end to his own life. The third accomplished a landing at Chebucto. But *no sooner* had he pitched his camp than the Angel of the Lord smote it with pestilence, and it became, like the camp of Assyria, *full* of dead men. Thus the Almighty laid his *veto* upon their arms, and compelled them *to return by the way they came, without so much as lifting a spear or shooting an arrow against the cities* they were destined to destroy. Our fathers *stood still and saw the salvation of God.**

The *same providential care* was extended to these colonies during the revolutionary war.

An event so great as the dismemberment of this country from Britain, was not to be accomplished without struggles and contests. The issue was awfully dubious. Human probability declared against the attempt. The decree, however, was passed in

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* For a more particular account of these disasters, see Trumbull's history of the last century.

heaven. In the eighteenth century, America was to shake off the yoke and become free and independent; and already had God prepared the instrument by which this was to be accomplished. Was Moses formed to rescue ancient Israel from bondage? So was Washington, to rescue this western and modern Israel of the Lord.

The glory of furnishing protectors belongs to God; and who does not see his wisdom and goodness in raising *such* a character at *such* a crisis? His equal had not existed for ages, and probably will not for ages to come. like the celebrated leader of Israel, *he was great in the sight of all his people and all their enemies.* Great with respect to the energies of his mind, the resources of his genius, and great with respect to that *divine efficacy* which stamped victory on his arms, and crowned his exertions with success.

He was *providentially* fitted for the part he was called to act, and providentially introduced upon the theatre of action.

"His education was such as favored the production of a sound mind and a vigorous body."* The early habits of his youth prepared him to endure the toils and fatigues of after life.

The part he acted when the unfortunate Braddock fell, brought his character into view, made him known to his country, and was *justly* considered as a presage of his future greatness.† Thus God prepared his ser-

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* Ramsay's history.

† See Davies' sermon, delivered soon after Braddock's defeat

vant, and at length when matured by age, and furnished with experience, a vast scene opened before him, where all his talents might be displayed, and all his energies exerted.

Already was America invaded. The roar of British cannon was heard from our harbors, and a martial band was parading on our shores. Every thing was in jeopardy. A secret sigh now escaped from the patriot's bosom.* The sage *worn out with toils* and bending upon his staff shook his hoary locks and said, "my sons your cause is good, I wish you success, but I fear your undisciplined valour will be overcome in the unequal contest." The hearts of many fainted within them, and many said, "Who is able to go up and fight against this people? for they be mightier than we." *At this eventful period* the guardians of our liberty looked round with trembling hopes, to find a man who was *able* to bear his country's shield and who might be trusted to wield her sword. Every eye fixed on Washington. The exploits of his youth now rose in grateful recollection. Their choice was unanimous, and the event proved that it was decided by Heaven. He obeyed the mandate of his country, submitted himself to her disposal, and looking up to God for guidance and protection, went forth and stood in the very front of her dangers. Awful was his responsibility—immense

* See Ramsay's account of the doubts entertained in 1775, by many of the truest friends of America, concerning the war with Britain.

his duty; in the discharge of which, no one, since the leader who went before Israel through the wilderness, ever had greater difficulties to encounter, or met them with greater magnanimity.

For every event he was prepared. In battle he was terrible; skilful in retreat. In prosperity he was humble; in adversity unshaken. Not like Saul who slew himself on mount Gilboa. When *he* was unsuccessful he submitted to the decree of Heaven, and still trusted in the God of battles.

He knew how to brook disappointment. *He* could bear with the murmurings and jealousy of the ignorant. Opposition only increased his firmness, danger strengthened his fortitude, and amid all the perils and disasters of the revolution his steady eye never once lost sight of its object—his country's welfare. At length Heaven interposed, lent him the aids of a foreign army, and led him to victory and glory.

Such an instrument of good to mankind, bears on itself the divine impression.

In the achievements of Washington if nothing was miraculous, every thing was providential. The winds and the sea contributed to his victories,* and the lingering night covered his retreat.†

In the midst of danger, and in the face of death, his life was protracted to a good old age, "and yet his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He led

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* When Cornwallis was captured. † From Long-Island.

his brethren not only to the borders, but entered with them into the land of peace; and having once saved his country from ruin by his sword, he again saved it by his counsels and influence.

These were the objects for which this illustrious personage was raised up. And when these objects were accomplished, God laid this instrument in all its majesty aside, to teach the world, that though he had made use of it he needed it not.

Washington is no more. This day reminds us of our loss and mingles anguish with its joy. Ah much loved patriot, while we reap the fruit of thy agony and toil, we remember thy name and thy virtues. Thy name is embalmed in our bosoms, and thy virtues are recorded on the living tablets of our hearts.

Look to the sepulchre where he lies and weep. Weep ye hoary veterans who *once* marched under his banner, and fought by his side. Weep ye mothers, for he shielded your babes by his valour, he watched your dwellings while you slept. Weep, Americans, for Washington the father of your country, the defender of your liberties, is no more.

Let succeeding generations sigh o'er his ashes, and the infants of posterity, lisping his virtues, drop tears of gratitude round his tomb.

In the view of these things, while you contemplate the former sufferings, the present glory and happiness of your country, and the *means* by which *it* has been exalted to that happiness and glory, can you hesitate to

apply to American Israel the sentiment of my text? Who is the author of these mercies? and whence hath this salvation come? Who preserved your fathers from the tomahawk of the savage, and yourselves from the vengeance of Britain? Who raised up Washington to fight your battles and preside over your councils? *Who hath driven out the heathen before you, and set your feet in a broad place?* Who hath established your independence on a sure foundation, *and given you peace from all your enemies round about?* Who hath done all this, yea more than this, who hath shed upon you the light of celestial day, and disclosed to your view the realities of the world to come?

Manifestly the Lord God of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel.

This is God's kindness to his people. Your fathers *leaned* on God's promises, and walked in the sunshine of his *word.* And now while they rest from their labors, we their children are reaping the fruits of their piety and receiving the answer to their prayers.

Do you enquire how you may still prosper, and in what way your inheritance may be rendered permanent and secure? I answer, "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe in his prophets so shall ye prosper." Is God the author of your independence? Has he established you in this land of plenty and of peace? Then have you nothing to seek but his favor; nothing to dread but his dis-

pleasure. Walk then before him and be ye perfect. Let your conversation be such as becometh godliness. Adorn the doctrine of God our savior.

Attend to the education of your children as a matter of the first importance. If you wish them to be governed by motives, *and not by stripes*; as free men and *not as slaves*; you *must be* at pains to furnish their minds with necessary knowledge, *especially* with the knowledge of religion. You may leave them liberty; but it is a blessing which they cannot long enjoy, *unless* their understandings are enlightened by science, and their hearts sanctified by grace.

Imitate then the example of your pious ancestors; nurture your sons and your daughters in piety; train up your household in the admonition of the Lord. Early teach them subordination. Let their habits of thinking and acting be formed, not from the camelion pages of a newspaper, whose morality is the interest of a party, and whose precepts change with the result of an election; *but from the oracles of God.* These teach the truest politics; these the purest morals. Hence let them learn *to pay tribute* cheerfully *unto Cæsar, and that to speak evil* unjustly *of the ruler of God's people is sin.*

Guard them against, and guard yourselves against visionary notions of government, founded on mistaken ideas of human nature. Consider *that* man an enemy who endeavours to make you believe mankind are not depraved, when God and conscience *both*

teach you a contrary doctrine. Such insinuations are at once an incitement to your vanity, and an insult to your understanding.

The *scriptures* contain the only *true* philosophy on this subject. They teach, *that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.*

From this source arises your greatest danger. If you lose your virtue, liberty will be a curse. You feel secure, because the people govern. But if the people become corrupt, where is your security ? The officers of government are taken from among yourselves. And do you believe an impure fountain will send forth pure streams ? The only way to have virtuous rulers is to be virtuous yourselves. If you make yourselves vile, you must expect they will be vile also. You say public officers are your servants, and that you will watch their conduct. But can you believe there will be peace or safety *when corruption only* is left to watch corruption, *and satan to reprove sin ?*

The government of our country is a government of opinion, rather than of force. More is therefore to be feared from the depravity of ourselves than of our rulers. If *they* become corrupt, *the people* can displace *them ;* but if the people themselves become corrupt, it is an evil without a remedy. While the will of the people is on the side of virtue, we shall remain happy ; but whenever it preponderates to the side of vice, we must be miserable.

Act then at all times a decided part in favour of religion. On this the safety of your country, as well as the salvation of your souls, depends. Without this no people can long be prosperous and happy. "This is the cement of society; this the tie that binds man to man, and man to God." Without religion the sanctions of an oath have no validity; contracts cannot be supported; crimes cannot be investigated; and courts of justice must cease. Without this, how is your reputation to be secured from the slanderer's tongue, your property from the robber's grasp, or your life from the assassin's dagger? Imperfect indeed must be that security which results only from the civil law.

Revere therefore public worship, and sanctify the sabbaths of the Lord. When the public institutions of the gospel are brought into disgrace, private virtue will cease. It is in the *churches of Christ* that men are taught to dread the judgments of heaven, and believe in the providence of God.

Avoid the pollutions, and reist the influence of infidelity. Yield not to its flatteries; be not deceived by its smiles. It never *approaches* virtue, but that it may pollute her; it never takes liberty by the hand, but when it designs her as its victim. Its doctrines are, that all future responsibility is a chimera; that death is an eternal sleep; and that the end sanctifies the means. Doctrines, which put in practice, must revive the pollutions of Sodom, and the abominations of Gomorrah. Thus by corrupting the heart, de-

braving the morals, and taking off all restraint from the wicked, infidelity sunders the *very bonds*, and undermines the *very foundations of society*.

Infidelity has already converted Europe into one *vast Golgotha*. Around its seat the earth is covered with bones and soaked in blood. Still hungry *as the grave* it shakes its bloody sceptre, and growls destruction to the world.

A departure from the pure principles of religion has been, in *all ages*, and in *every country*, the sad prelude to destruction. When the Jews became hardened in sin, when they rejected the Saviour who died for them, judgment came upon them to the uttermost. Their city was rased to its foundations, their land given unto strangers, and they were driven out from Judea and scattered abroad over the face of the whole world. In like manner God is now scourging the nations of Europe, who have lost their first love, and provoked him to anger by their disobedience.

With these examples before your eyes, can you madly act over the part which they have acted, and rush to that destruction to which they have rushed?

Your fathers were pious. When they landed on these shores, they made a covenant with God, and solemnly dedicated themselves and their offspring to the Almighty. For their sakes hitherto, you have been blessed. But can you imagine if you deny the God they worshipped, if you blaspheme the Savior

they trusted, and turn aside from the paths in which they walked, that you will enjoy the protection they enjoyed, and hand down to your posterity the blessings they handed down to you? No; if there be any truth in God, ye shall not prosper. For he who holds your country's destiny in his hand, hath sworn by himself, that if ye do these things, *wrath shall fall upon you, and judgment from the Almighty shall overtake you. And you shall be cursed in the city and cursed in the field. Cursed shall be your basket and your store. Cursed the fruit of your body and the fruit of your land, the increase of your kine and the flocks of your sheep. Cursed when ye come in and cursed when ye go out.* "For, saith the Lord, I lift mine hand to heaven, and I live for ever. If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me."

God is not a disinterested spectator of the conduct of men. With holy indignation he looks down and beholds the abominations of the earth. He has already come forth out of his place to punish the nations for their sins. *A fire is kindling in his anger, that shall burn to the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains.* Hitherto he hath borne with us; but there is something fearful *even in this forbearance.* For the longer his mercy spares us, unless we repent, the fuller will be the vials of his wrath, and the more dreadful the day of our visitation.

Turn therefore *from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel.*

Choose *you this day whom you will serve.* This is no time to hesitate. Your country is in jeopardy; your all is at stake. If immorality, impiety and infidelity prevail, they will plunder you of happiness here, and rob you of Heaven hereafter. Patriots, I adjure *you* by the love of your country; Christians, I adjure *you* by the love of Emanuel, to unite in your exertions to oppose the common enemies of your peace, your liberty and your salvation. Why will you weaken each others influence by division? Are you not all brethren? Is not your interest one? Are not your dangers the same? A portion, rich and immense, is put in your possession. Will you cast it from you? Will you despise the bounty of Heaven, and sport with an inheritance purchased with the toils of your ancestors and the blood of your brethren? No party interests governed your fathers; no foreign influence divided *them.* No; *they* were united; united in the love of their country; united in the duties of religion; united in the worship of their God. *They* have obtained the victory; *they* have received the crown; *they* have entered into Heaven. And now, bending from yonder skies, they address you, saying, "Children of our pilgrimage below, imitate the example we have left you; be virtuous, be united, be happy. Act worthy of yourselves. Hand down to posterity unimpaired the portion which we left you, and persevering through faith to the end, come up hither."

Ye spirits of our fathers, we hear your voice; we venerate your counsel. We will obey it. We will honour the Saviour you honored, revere the religion

A

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

IN THE CITY OF ALBANY,

BEFORE THE

Ladies' Society,

FOR THE RELIEF OF

DISTRESSED WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

March 18th, 1804.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT, A. M.

PASTOR OF SAID CHURCH

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' SOCIETY,

INSTITUTED

FOR THE RELIEF OF

DISTRESSED WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

The subsequent Discourse,

PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THEIR BENEFIT,

AND AT THEIR REQUEST,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR CORDIAL FRIEND,

AND

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE following DISCOURSE, as will readily be believed by all who read it, was written in great haste, under the pressure of numerous distressing cares, and in the midst of unavoidable interruptions. The causes which compelled a hasty draught, in the first instance, prevent a deliberate and corrected copy. The Author submits it therefore to the public, nearly in the state in which it was delivered; and his apology for so doing, is a belief that its avails will be a mite, at least, put into BENEVOLENT HANDS, to buy BREAD FOR THE HUNGRY, AND RAIMENT FOR THE NAKED.—The circumstances under which it was written will, the Author trusts, soften the edge of criticism; and the motives which induce him to consent to its publication, meet the approbation of humanity. Be this however as it may, should the funds of the SOCIETY be benefited by the sale of it—should the arguments unfolded in it, awaken the public attention, and excite the public sympathy towards AFFLICTED, UNFORTUNATE, AND PERISHING HUMANITY—above all, should it excite, by the Divine blessing, to the practice of CHRISTIAN CHARITY, the Author will have received for his labor an abundant reward, and for any censures which it may occasion, sufficient indemnity.

A DISCOURSE.

JOB, xxix, 11, 12.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

THUS spake the prince of Uz—whose history, no less singular than affecting, is filled with disaster, and unfolds to our view an instance of the most sad and sudden reverse of fortune.

On the morning of an eventful day, which proved fatal to every earthly hope, this venerable man arose in affluence and prosperity: his herds were grazing in their pastures; his oxen ploughing in the field, and his flocks whitened the hills. His sons and his daughters, united by a thousand endearments, and participating in the felicities of social life, gladdened a parent's heart, whilst they met to express their mutual love, and regale themselves at their eldest brother's house.

Flattering, unclouded prospect! But ah! how soon was it overspread with darkness! In an hour this seeming glory perished; and he who arose in the *morning*, in so much affluence, the greatest of all the men of the East—plundered of his property—bereaved of his children, sat down at *night* in wretchedness, to bewail his untimely loss, and weep over the ruins of recollected greatness.

"Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Resigned as Job was to personal humiliation, he could not refrain from lamentation at the remembrance of his former charities—charities which it was now no longer possible for him to bestow. Casting an eye over the suffering poor, who had heretofore been fed from his table, and whose loins had been warmed by the fleece of his flock, and affected at their present pitiable condition, left without a friend to solace or a benefactor to relieve them, he exclaimed, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. Then the blessing of him that was ready to perish

came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The conduct of Job during the season of his prosperity furnishes a noble example of liberal and efficacious charity—a duty which we shall now attempt to unfold and enforce.

Charity is an exalted virtue, or rather it is the stock from which every other virtue germinates. Charity, strictly speaking, is benevolence, the love of God and man; and as such, comprehends the whole of practical religion. Its basis, in depraved creatures, is regeneration; its object, happiness—public, universal happiness.—*Charity seeketh not her own.* Charity is not confined or regulated by degrees of affinity or consanguinity; but, overleaping all these partial boundaries, encircles in her embrace the universe of God.

So far as charity respects the relief of human misery, it will cease with time; but the temper which prompts to this, holy and immortal, like the God from whom it came, will survive the ruins of the universe, and unfold and display itself for ever. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away—but charity never faileth."

As charity is more permanent, so it is more excellent than any other gift or grace. This is the one thing needful, for without it there can be no union to the Savior, and consequently no true religion. The faith which is saving *works by love.*

Says the Prophet, "O man! what doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy GOD?" Says the Apostle, "Though I speak with the tongue of men and angels: though I give my body to be burned; though I have all knowledge, and understand all mysteries; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains; yet, if I have not charity, I am become as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Thus you see, that without charity, even faith itself is nugatory. I say faith itself, for that faith which is not efficient, is dead, being alone.

"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled: notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit? Even so faith without works is dead." Hence said the Apostle, "Shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works." Living in a world filled with human misery, unless we commisserate that misery and endeavor to relieve it, pretensions to godliness are vain.

"Pure religion and undefiled, before GOD and the FATHER, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep thyself unspotted from the world." Not that even acts of charity are meritorious. The truly charitable man, after the utmost he has done or can do, disclaiming all merit, brings his honors and lays them at the feet of JESUS; and looking up, through the great sacrifice which he hath

presented to the FATHER, cherishes on account of it, and it only, the holy raptures of immortal hope. But though acts of charity are not meritorious, they are inseparable from a life of piety. These evince the sincerity of our professions here, and these will attest the reality of our title to the rewards of grace hereafter.

"And I heard," says John, "a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the LORD, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." And whither do they follow them? To the throne of GOD. There every act of genuine benevolence which we have performed, shall appear and testify in our behalf. With reference to which, and for the sake of him in whose dear name they have been performed, the Dispenser of life and death, in the view of an assembled universe, shall say to each, accordingly as he has distinguished himself in practical charity, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy LORD." After which the measure of their felicity shall be full: for as there will remain in others no more miseries to relieve, so neither will there remain in themselves any to be relieved.

Such briefly is the charity of the gospel: The practice of which, particularly with respect to alms-giving, we come now to enforce.

The arguments on which we shall insist will be

drawn from—The character of the Deity—the precepts of his law—the promises and benedictions of his gospel—the example of his saints—and the sensible pleasure which accompanies or which may result from acts of Christian charity. And O! may HE who has the hearts of all men in his hand, soften ours by his grace, and induce us, after the example of the Patriarch—"to deliver the poor that crieth, the fatherless, and him that hath none to help him."

The Character of the Deity.

In an imitation of the Supreme Being consists alike the glory and the happiness of man. Lend me your attention therefore while I endeavor to place before you, enrobed in mercy, HIM whose being fills the heavens, and whose benignity the heaven of heavens cannot contain.

Entering on this article, I pause.....I hesitate.....Not because I know not what to say, but because I know not where to begin or where to end, when attempting to display the Creator's glories. On every side an immeasurable scene opens—and widens—and brightens in my sight. Heaven—earth—worlds and systems, without number and without end, present themselves, each filled with the bounty and radiant with the splendors of the Deity.

From all these, on which the inspired writers dwelt with transport, I shall select one only, and that a small one too, for your present meditation. I mean the

footstool of God. And even here, and with reference to ourselves merely, the Divine mercies are without bounds and without end. They commenced and are commensurate with our existence—They have been and still are new every morning and repeated every moment of our lives

For every thing precious in existence we are indebted unto GOD. From eternity he existed and was happy. Infinite in himself, he needed not our praises. His goodness however suffered him not to live alone. To display that goodness he filled the heavens not only with angels but peopled the earth also with men.

The organization of the human body, the constitution of the human mind, and the adaption of each to each, loudly proclaim the Divine benevolence.

All the senses are mediums alike of information and enjoyment; and even our passions, notwithstanding their too frequently deceptive influence, have in the economy of life, their obvious use. Fear warns us of danger—desire adds alacrity to pursuit—hope softens our cares and sweetens our labors. Emulation prompts to excel in virtue—shame forms a barrier to the heart against vice. Love binds us to society sympathy interests us in the welfare of others, and by compelling us to take part in their miseries, compels us the more promptly to relieve them.

The formation of the body, no less than the constitution of the mind, proclaim the benevolence of Him who created both.

Could I here unfold the various parts of this fair fabric which DEITY hath reared up; could I lift the veil which conceals beneath it the most stupendous and kindly adjusted mechanism, and show you to yourselves—Could I do this, who among you, filled with gratitude as well as with astonishment, and looking up to your Creator, would not exclaim, I will praise thee, for I am wonderfully and fearfully, not only, but mercifully made!

From the nature of man, turn your attention to the place of his residence. Contemplate this world, fitted up principally for his use. Comtemplate it, however, not as it is now, curst by transgression and covered with ruins, but as it was when it came fresh and untarnished from the Creator's hand. When, beholding its rising grandeurs, the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy!

It was not a wilderness, but a paradise, that was furnished originally for the residence of man. There flowed the river of salvation—there grew the tree of life. Its keepers were angels, and its guardian and its visitor was God.

A garden, peerless in beauty, innocent in delights, and spontaneous in fruits, unfolded its charms and presented its bounties to the guiltless pair. To dress this garden was their employment, not their toil

No canker corroded the flower, no thorn infested the ground. The fruit-tree supplied them with food—the river with water, and their innocence was their covering.

Such was the primeval situation of man—Nor to man alone was the Divine benignity confined. The herds also, pleased with their condition, cropped the herbage their Creator had provided for them, and the sportive flocks bleated joyfully from a thousand hills. Beneath the same shade the lion and the lamb lay down together, and there also the tyger fed and rested with the kid. The songsters of the grove chanted on every side their melodious anthems to the morning ; and swarms of happy insects played in the noon-day beams, and sipped the honey from the flowers. All was life—all was innocence—all was bliss ! As yet evil, neither natural nor moral, had entered into the system. No stain marred the beauty, or cloud veiled the lustre of the world.

Thus, originally, on every part of nature, was inscribed the Creator's goodness. This is his glory, a glory which the heavens at first displayed, and which the firmament of heaven shewed forth.

Changed as things are by the apostacy, a God merciful and kind, is still seen in all his works. The sun, bright emblem of Divinity, disseminates his beams; the clouds shed upon the fields his showers; the breezes waft his fragrance; the seasons display his faithfulness, and the very earth itself is enriched

and covered with his bounty. "His paths drop fatness, they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks, the vallies also are covered with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing."

What a glorious display of all that is benevolent and kind, do the works of nature afford. Mercy shines conspicuously in every herb, and plant, and flower of the field.—These all, and more than these; earth—heaven—the universe itself, with all its joys and lovelinesses, is but one vast expression of His benignity who created it. Who, though enthroned on high, and encircled by the praises of the blessed, hath respect unto the lowly: Who numbers, O man, thy hairs, and supplies thy wants—Thy wants, did I say? The young lions roar, and God heareth them—Yea, the cries of the young ravens come up before his throne.

Would time permit, we might infinitely extend this article. We might rise above the earth and survey those orbs which decorate the heavens, and seen, though at an awful distance, by the eye of man, embellish the throne of God. We might do more than this: for, shall we suppose that the boundaries of God's creation are fixed by the narrow ken of mortals? Shall we suppose that beings inhabiting his footstool; beings who sprung up *yesterday* from the dust of their mother earth, and who *to-morrow* shall return again into her bosom, by the help even of artificial tubes and glasses, can extend their view

over all that Eternal wisdom hath contrived or Almighty power created ? Reason, and more than reason, revelation, condemns this absurd idea. Would time permit us, we might therefore, in the spirit of the inspired writers, range the immensity of space, where world rises above world, and system above system, till filled with profound astonishment, and descending again to our humble habitation, rendered still more humble by a comparison with other parts of the creation, we could say with David, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained: What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man that thou visitest him ?" Yet over all this stupendous empire, God reigns ! Through every part of it, he dispenses numberless and perpetual blessings! And though "thousands of thousands an ten thousand times ten thousand" beings, of different capacities and wants, are scattered abroad before him, not one of them is overlooked, forgotten or neglected. "The eyes of all wait upon the Lord, and he giveth them their meat in due season."

But the works of nature, rich in mercy and boundless in extent as they are, furnish a partial and imperfect view only of Divine benignity.

In the gospel alone this attribute is exhibited at full length—and in the most commanding attitude. Here DIVINITY is seen promoting happiness not only, but expiating guilt, and weeping over misery also. Here we behold the happy and immortal God,

stooping from his throne, and interposing in behalf of man, guilty, ungrateful and ruined man---unfolding a plan for his recovery, and even snatching from destruction, in a sovereign manner, a great multitude which cannot be numbered ; who, being renovated in their natures, and cleansed from their pollutions, are destined to repeople heaven, and fill those original mansions made vacant there, by the first rebellion.

You will say perhaps that these displays of Divine benignity, which astonish and absorb the mind, when made the objects of its contemplation, are too august and dazzling to be considered as models for human imitation.

If you say this, it is not because you have contemplated God in creation or redemption, too much; but too little. In the latter particularly, he has even accommodated himself to our weakness, that he might be to us in all things a pattern of righteousness.

Approach then and contemplate this perfect character : *God manifest in the flesh !*

Having disrobed himself of the splendors of the Deity, and descended from the mansions of immortality ; whether we behold him, the babe at Bethlehem, the man of sorrows at Gethsemine, or the suffering victim of the wrath of God on Calvary, his conduct alike enforces on us, a life of practical benevolence. Indeed, all his intervening toils, in-

structions and labors, bear a similar complexion, and speak a similar language. It is said concerning him, that he went *about doing good.*

The darkness and distress which then prevailed on every side, courted his presence and demanded, in different directions, a portion of his time. Accordingly, when he had healed the sick, cast out devils, and preached the doctrine of his kingdom, in one city, he departed to another; where he repeated the same acts of benevolence, and published the same doctrines of life. And, though the principal cities afforded a larger theatre for his usefulness, and claimed a larger portion of his munificence, he did not overlook the little village, and condescended to honor and bless even the very cottage by his presence.

Sometimes we behold him in the capital, sometimes in its suburbs, and sometimes travelling through the country round about. He refused no hardships; he shrunk from no fatigue which might promote the happiness or alleviate the miseries of the forlorn and wretched beings he came to save. His progress through life, was marked with expressions of mercy, and the very paths he trod, were thronged by hapless sufferers, asking instruction, or applying for healing from their maladies. In his retinue, you might behold, not the glittering courtier, not the fawning sycophant, but the blind, the deaf and the diseased, soliciting mercy or returning thanks for mercy received. Yes; there you might see the lame man leap as the hart, and hear the tongue of the dumb man sing!

As this illustrious Personage approached that dreadful catastrophe which terminated his ministry, the visible splendor of his benevolence encreased.

On the last sad evening before he was offered up, more affected with the wants of his disciples than with the miseries which awaited himself, he spent his time in fortifying their minds, and in supplicating his Father in their behalf. Just parting from them, and moved with the tenderest affection towards them, he says, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." And having said this, looking to heaven, he adds, "And now holy Father, I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, keep through thine own name those which thou hast given me, that they may be one, even as we are."

Immediately after this he went forth to Gethsemine, and from thence to Calvary; where, fastened to a cross, contending with the terrors of avenging justice, and sinking under the agonies of dissolving nature, he remembers his friends not only, but casting an eye down on his malignant and relentless enemies also, pities them, and presenting in their behalf, before the throne of the Eternal, his blood, his wounds, and his cross, cries out, from the bottom of a heart overflowing with good will, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*.....And does this illustrious example furnish no motive to the practice of benevolence?

Though it would not be the duty of all to travel from place to place, as Jesus did; and though it

would be in the power of none to controul the diseases which he controuled, or to distribute the bounties which he distributed; yet ought not you, and all men, to be followers of him as dear children?

Each of you is able to do something to glorify God, to alleviate the miseries, and promote the happiness of man. Let then, at all times, and on all occasions, your conversation be such as becometh godliness, and your example *adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.*

Can any employment be so agreeable to a benevolent mind, or so congenial to the spirit of Christianity, as that of doing good? Go then, sympathize with the mourner; open the hand of charity to the needy, and recommend to Jesus, those who, weary and heavy laden, wander in the deserts of Hermon, and pour out their complaints upon the hill of Mizar.

Thus Job spent the season of his prosperity. "I was eyes," says he "to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out. The stranger did not lodge in the streets, but I opened my door unto the traveller."

To the character of Deity, add

THE PRECEPTS OF HIS LAW.

"If thy brother be waxen poor, (these hearer, are the words of him who created both thee and thy brother) If thy brother be waxen poor, then shalt thou relieve him that he may live. Thou shalt not

harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand against thy poor brother: but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need in that which he wanteth. The poor shall never cease out of the land, therefore I COMMAND thee, saith the Lord Almighty."

To the precepts of the law, add

THE PROMISES AND BENEDICTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

"He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. He that hath a bountiful eye blessed is he. If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light arise in obscurity. Whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise loose his reward. He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will HE pay him again." My GOD! what a powerful incentive to charity.

Jesus Christ becomes the representative of the poor; takes upon himself their infirmities, and pledges his veracity to repay all who minister to their wants. It is not the poor therefore, but Jesus Christ, whom we deny when we withhold our charities.

Were Jesus Christ to descend from the realms of the blessed, accompanied by cherubim—seraphim—angels, mighty in strength and terrible in majesty—by thrones, by dominions, by principalities and powers, soliciting a moity of our possessions, and at the

same time pointing to the heavens and opening the treasures of immortality to our view—should he promise to repay there, with infinite increase, our kindness, who of us would shut his hand or harden his heart against his Saviour? No one: a universal emulation would prevail among us; even avarice would unlock its horded treasures, and oppression bring its illgotten gain, and lay it at the feet of Jesus.

But the Saviour chooses not this method.—Gifts thus extorted would be doubtful evidences of our love. The splendor of such an appearance might corrupt the motives of friends, and dazzle even enemies into momentary liberality. That he may prove your charity and test the sincerity of your love therefore, forlorn and wretched, emaciated with sickness, palsied with age, and covered with rags....he comes forth from cottages and cabins, in the person of the poor, and stretching forth his trembling hand to you, his desciples, asks alms. Christians! deny him if you can. *You* cannot deny him. But to those who can, I add, that the days of his humiliation, even in this sense, will not last for ever.

Presently, he, who now friendless and wretched, to the eye of our mercy, unolds his miseries, will appear in a different form—appear, having laid aside the rags of beggary, and put on robes of royalty, in tremendous majesty, and send forth judgment unto victory.

Then the poor in whose behalf he now asks charity, congregated before his throne, shall stand in judg-

ment together with their benefactors. To whom, in the presence of God, of angels and of men, he shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." And when the righteous shall ask, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and ministered unto thee? Pointing to the poor who stand before him, he shall answer, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me." Infinite condescension! And can the callous heart of man be insensible to such a moving, persuasive and glorious motive? ALMIGHTY GOD! kindle in our bosoms genuine pity for the poor now, that on that august day, we may recieve thine eternal benediction.

From the promises and benedictions of the gospel, turn your attention to

THE EXAMPLE OF THE SAINTS.

The conduct of Job, memorable for his charities, has already been noticed. In addition to this need I remind you of the widow of Zarepta? who, having only a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruise, for herself and her son; though in the midst of famine, divided, nobly divided, this, her last morsel, with the famished prophet. And need I also remind

you how her liberality was rewarded? For her barrel of meal did not waste, nor did her cruise of oil fail, till the Lord sent rain, and removed famine from the earth.

Need I remind you of the poor widow who cast two mites into the treasury? singular magnanimity! for it was all her living! Or, of her who poured the box of ointment upon the feet of Jesus, and pouring it on them perfumed her own memory, and erecte to her own praise, a monument more lasting than the pyramids of Egypt. For *these*, impaired by time, have crumbled down, and buried in their ruins the names and the achievements of those who founded them: But wherever the gospel is preached, or shall be preached, till the heavens be no more, her act of kindness unto Jesus shall be published as a memorial of her.

Need I remind you of the conduct of Martha, who again and again, received the Savior into her house, and freely entertained him and all who accompanied him? Do you deem the conduct of Martha laudable, in opening her doors to the Son of David? Do you feel as though you would emulate her hospitality had you an opportunity? And why have you not? True, your Lord in person needs not your kindnesses. The days of his humiliation and poverty are ended, and the heavens have received him into glory. But the poor remain on the earth. These, if they be pious, are his friends; and he respects a kindness done unto them as done unto himself.

To mention no more instances from the scriptures, examples to our purpose are not wanting in the histories of primitive times. In the better days of Christianity, a noble emulation prevailed both among individuals and churches in their attention to the poor and to the sick. To minister to the latter, more than six hundred persons were employed by the Christians of Alexandria at one time, as appears from a law in the Theodosian code. When the plague ravaged Egypt, says Eusebius, "Many of our brethren neglecting their own healths have brought upon themselves the misfortunes and maladies of others. Who after having held in their arms the dying saints, after having closed their eyes, washed and adorned them, and carried them on their shoulders to their graves, have been glad themselves to receive the same kind offices from others imitating their zeal and their charity."

Was the kindness of primitive Christians to their sick great? Their bounty to the poor was no less so. "Among how many widows and orphans," says Chrysostom, "does this church distribute charity. The number on the catalogue is three thousand, not to mention extraordinary assistances given to people sick in hospitals, strangers, leprous persons, servants of the church, and many other persons, whose necessities oblige them to ask and who every day receive both food and raiment."

Nor were these expenses, enormous as they were, incurred with reluctance. On the contrary they exulted in their charities. Witness the conduct of the

venerable man, representing the whole church at Rome, who, when Decius imperiously demanded of them their treasures, collecting the poor, the maimed, the blind and the sick, who received daily the means of subsistence from that church, and pointing to this group of wretched sufferers, said, " These are our riches, these our revenue and treasure." Witness the conduct.....but I forbear to add. Time would fail me to do justice to this article; and the instances already mentioned are enough and more than enough, to convince us that we are far behind the primitive saints in practical charity.

Lastly—consider the sensible pleasure which accompanies, or which may result from ACTS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Virtue carries with it its own reward : and the felicities which accompany a holy, operative love, are known to all who cherish it. A secret joy diffuses itself through that bosom which expands with sympathetic charity ; which sighs for the relief of human misery. Never does man feel a nobler elevation, or experience a more sublime or refined pleasure, than when wiping the falling tear from the cheek of sorrow, binding up the broken hearted, and bearing with godlike arm the cup of consolation to the sons of woe.

But if there be so much pleasure in acts of charity now, what pleasure shall they not occasion to you, O believer! when, entering the world of spirits, and opening your eyes upon the family of the

blessed, you shall see in that family some clothed *in white robes and having palms in their hands*, to whom you had once ministered upon a bed of sorrow? Will you then grudge your love to them, when you shall see how Jesus loved them?

Recognizing your departing spirits, remembering your former kindnesses, and bending from the thrones, on which grace hath placed them, they shall descend to meet you; they shall become your convoys back to glory: When approaching the throne of your Redeemer, they shall say, in your behalf, these are the righteous, who softened our sorrows on the earth—who closed our dying eyes; and then, receiving to their embrace, our hapless offspring, in their own bosoms nurtured them for thee. This will be indeed, Christians, a moment of religious extacy! A moment, did I say? An eternity---which, like the duration of God, will never pass away!—I might here add, that as charity prepares for the departing spirit the most refined and lasting joy, so it secures to the mouldering body the most enviable honors.

How sweetly must they sleep whose memories are embalmed in the widow's bosom, and whose graves are bedewed by the orphan's tears. *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Happy the man whose funeral honors consist in the sighs and tears of the poor whom he has relieved, the vicious whom he has reclaimed, and the disconsolate whom he has com-

forted with the promises of Jesus.—Let these be the monuments of my fame—Let these, standing by mine urn, and pointing to mine ashes, tell the passing traveller, There lies the man, who, when I was hungry, fed me; when I was naked clothed me; and when I wandered from virtue, pointed my erring feet in the homeward way.

But I must give no further scope unto my feelings. The subject expands—and expands itself before me. I pause therefore....not because other motives to charity are wanting, but because I am confident, that if these are not effectual, none which I can urge will be so.

Do you ask, why we have even so far pressed this duty? Why?—on account of its importance. What might not be done, were mankind disposed to co-operate for the relief of human misery? Were half the pains taken---were half the treasures expended in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, and in relieving the distressed, which are now expended in raising armies and equipping fleets for the encrease of misery, the extension of wretchedness, and the destruction of man; how different would the face of things appear? The reason why society is so cold and lifeless, not to say so sanguinary and malignant, is that so few possess the charity of the gospel—and those few in so feeble and imperfect a degree. Selfishness is the bane of human happiness. And shall Christians—Christians, who worship that God who gave his Son;

that Jesus who gave himself, while they were yet enemies, to die for them, be chargeable with this sordid vice ? My brethren, let the liberality of this evening free you from this scandal, and wipe away from this assembly so shameful a reproach.

That there are in this city a great number of suffering and friendless poor, who have been during this inclement winter, and who still are supported by charity, is known to you all. I recall my words —Surrounded with plenty and living in affluence and splendor, many of you do not know this. It is however a fact—and a fact which your physicians and ministers, conversant by their profession with places of affliction, will unanimously attest.

Would you accompany me, I could conduct you within this city and its suburbs, to scenes of poverty and wretchedness, the sight of which only would chill your blood.—Yes, I could show you in kitchens, cold and damp, or in half covered cottages, into which the snow descends, and through which howls the wintry blast, large families, destitute of fuel ; destitute of food ; and almost destitute of clothes and covering.—There too, I could show you a father, a mother, or a child, languishing and dying, with a thousand circumstances to aggravate, and scarcely one, Great God ! unless it be thy sovereignty, to mitigate their sorrows !

Among these poor and pitiable families, I could show you some, who once were affluent and honorable. But adversity pursued and overtook them.

Loss succeeded to loss—misfortune followed misfortune, till from the abundance of princely life they are reduced to beggery.

You will say that these poor are provided for by law. But do you know what that provision is? How inadequate, how difficult to be obtained, and how often interrupted in its course?

The poor-masters, perhaps, do all they can. Their means are comparatively small, and their influence necessarily circumscribed. And can any man in his senses suppose that a family, where the parent or parents are sick, and thus cut off from every mean of supplying their own wants—I say, can any man in his senses suppose, that a family thus situated, and having no other resource, can possibly subsist upon the scanty pittance customarily allowed to the poor? My God! it would not even buy fuel to warm and a taper to light the cabin where they languish; and where, without your charity, they must die!—How then do they subsist?—How?—they converse with sorrow, with sighs, and with tears—they suffer from hunger, from nakedness, from cold; under these complicated miseries they fall sick. By sickness their miseries are encreased, and after lingering a few days they die, unless a charitable neighbor pities and interposes.

Notwithstanding the legal provision for the poor on which you rely, I have myself seen even females, and not those wretched outcasts from society on whose miseries humanity itself will scarcely deign

to look—but the mother of a little family, forsaken, friendless, emaciated with sickness, lying upon a bed of straw, and even expiring without a hand to minister to her last wants, or even to close her dying eyes!

Sickness and death bring sorrow, unutterable sorrow, where they enter. Yes; my heart still bleeding* with the wounds which a righteous God hath lately inflicted on it, attests this melancholy truth. But if these sorrows are so poignant when endured in the midst of plenty, and surrounded by affectionate and sympathizing friends, vieing with each other in alleviating the sufferer's pains, and solacing the mourner's woe, Great God! what excess of bitterness must they not drink from the cup of thy chastisements, who languish and expire, or who see their friends languish and expire on a bed of want, and soliciting, by expressive sighs and groans, relief from an unpitying world, in vain!

Imagine such a situation, and you may form some idea of the misery for the relief of which we plead. I say imagine such a situation: and such a situation is not imaginary, it has existed; it exists now, and it will exist hereafter, unless measures more effectual are adopted to succor and relieve our poor.

Think not that this is fancy. Whoever of you

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* Mrs. Nott, the consort of the Author, departed this life on Saturday morning, and was intered on Sabbath evening, one week preceding the delivery of this discourse.

think so, follow me and I will conduct you to the place where all that I have said, or shall say, exists in real life. Yes, I will conduct you to the dismal habitation, and you shall ask the daughter of sorrow, who dwells there, why her bosom throbs with sighs, and why her eyes are suffused with tears ? And she will tell you, that her name is *widow*, that her only son languishes unprovided for, and that her hapless daughters have no bread.

Once she was cheerful : once she had a partner, to whom she imparted her sorrows and with whom she reciprocated her joys. But her " lover and her friend have been put far from her, and her acquaintance into utter darkness." Again her domestic circle is invaded. The son of her hopes is closing his eyes in death : in addition to this, poverty, pinching poverty, oppresses her, and the cries of her famished orphans—cries which a helpless mother cannot relieve, pierce her heart—" Therefore is her countenance sad and therefore are her eyes red with weeping."

Bereaved, recently, of the dear companion of my youth, surrounded by lisping infancy,* which needs and will long need a mother's fostering care, still affected by those mournful scenes which these sad† emblems revive before me, I can with

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* Mrs. NOTT left behind her four little children, the oldest six years, and the youngest only three months old.

† Alluding to the mournful drapery hung around the pew of the Author, by the Ladies, in testimony of their respect, for his diseased partner.

peculiar sensibility plead the widow's and the orphan's cause. And can you whose generous hearts spontaneously overflow with sympathy to him who now addresses you, be insensible to the wants, and sighs, and sorrows of those in whose behalf he pleads? No; you cannot. I feel a confidence that *you will* contribute, cheerfully and liberally, to relieve them.

Think not that liberal contributions will favor idleness or lead to beggary. We ask not alms for profuse or general distribution. We solicit a little only of that abundance which God has given you. And for what? To procure a staff for the old man—a bit of bread for the widow, and a nurse to tend the infant, to soften the pillow and to close the eyes of the forsaken and dying mother! These are the purposes for which we solicit your charity and to which, we pledge ourselves, it will be sacredly applied; I retract what I have said—you need not this pledge, for the partners of your bosoms will dispense it.

The members of this society, which is to be the depository of your bounty, spread as they are over every part of the city, have the poor immediately under their eye. In addition to this, their managers traverse its different wards, explore in person the habitations of the sick and the poor, and take the actual dimensions of their misery.

Thus situated, they can discriminate: they do discriminate. And though some few instances of unavoidable imposition may have occurred, I presume,

generally, and I speak from what I have seen, that the relief they have bestowed has been timely and apportioned with discretion.

If we withhold our support from this association, to what one shall we give it? Could any have been founded on better principles, or directed to nobler ends? Sympathizing humanity, always amiable, appears still more so when invested with the charms of female loveliness. Invested with these charms, it is displayed in this society; and a more lovely or commanding OBJECT never presented itself before you. For what object could have been more lovely or commanding, in a city where party reigns, and where the bands of social intercourse in one sex, are by political controversy almost sundered, than an extensive assemblage of disinterested females—an assemblage of mothers and daughters: of individuals of different habits and sentiments, both political and religious, uniting and harmoniously co-operating like a band of sisters, for the relief of human misery. Whose influence has been like the influence of the morning.—At whose approach the horrors of poverty vanish, and the countenance brightens which was overspread with sorrow. Whose kindness, the reviving sick acknowledge with gratitude, and on whose heads orphan infancy, delivered from wretchedness, and made happy by their bounty, heaps its blessings.

With what motives this association has been formed, GOD knows; and he also knows, that if with proper ones, the members will not lose their reward.

Be this as it may, I rejoice at the rise and progress of an institution apparently so benevolent, so honorable to this city, and so conducive to the happiness of those who need our charity and our sympathy.—Yes, I rejoice, that when visiting friendless and bereaved families, when yearning with pity over their miseries, I can point them to a SOCIETY which spreads its arms to receive them, and from which they will receive prompt, if not adequate relief—I say *prompt*, for, by some strange embarrassment in the public funds allotted to the poor, too often the pittance intended to be bestowed, is delayed—and delayed—and delayed—till the sufferer dies, and needs not charity, unless it be to procure a shroud to wrap him in.

But the design of this society is not merely the relief of misery, in the forms which have been already mentioned. They have in view particularly, the education of the rising generation. Numbers, during the past year, who would otherwise have been utterly neglected, have through their munificence, been kept at school, where every attention has been paid both to their manners and their morals.

These are only the beginnings of their labors of love. They contemplate, and they ask your aid, to enable them, together with other objects, to erect a building, where poor and orphan female children, whose age and whose wants ought to recommend them to our sympathy, may be collected, instructed and nurtured for usefulness and piety, under their immediate care.

Some of you will say, perhaps, The wants of the poor are numerous and perpetual. Be it so: And is not this a reason why your charity should be liberal and perpetual also? Because there are many poor, will you leave them to languish and die? Because their wants are numerous and claim much, do you resolve to bestow little? Is this the resolution of the household of faith! Are these the feelings of hearts, softened by grace, and full of the hopes of immortality!

Ah! my brethren, complain not of the number of the poor, or of their wants. Know you not who it was that said, *The poor ye shall always have with you.* Jesus, Master, I thank thee for this promise, that in the persons of the poor I may testify my respect for thee!

The poor we have said, particularly the pious poor, are the family of Jesus. And this know, if he demands your charity for their support it is not because he needs it. The treasures of the universe are his own and at his disposal. He can supply their wants in a thousand ways. Let him but speak, "And the earth shall bring forth salvation, the mountains drop down new wine, and the hills flow with milk!"—I repeat it therefore, though he demands your charities, he needs them not—Why then does he demand them? Because he loves you. He knows it is better to give than to receive. He furnishes you therefore with treasures—then commands you to dispense those treasures among the miserable objects whom he

places around you. And he does this that he may furnish you with an opportunity, practically, of resembling HIM, who in the dispensation of boundless riches, *is good and does good, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.*

The opportunity, however, of acting thus nobly with respect to the relief of misery, is very short. Can you want evidence of this? The changes daily taking place around you furnish it. One who a few days since dispensed these charities is now no more.* The cold earth lies upon her bosom! The darkness of the grave hides from her eye the miseries of the poor, and its silence shuts from her ear the widow's and the orphan's sigh! In behalf of these her last services were performed. Her stewardship is now ended. She is gone to GOD, to render to him an account of it; and her bereaved children need, and are receiving from others in kindly reversion, the sympathy she bestowed.

Hearer—father—mother of a family, GOD only knows how soon this may be your lot! Mutable is the world! Misfortune may soon dissipate the riches you possess, death may suddenly cut off the life which you enjoy, and your children left dependent orphans, may be fed from the charity which you now bestow.

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* Mrs NOTT had been a Manager of the *Society for the relief of distressed Women and Children* from the time of its being constituted; in which capacity she rendered to the distressed her feeble services during her last illness and resigned her trust by death.

And is this our situation? And can we knowing it to be so, still be slothful? Presently will thine hand, palsied by death, be incapable of bestowing alms—thine eye closed in darkness, of pitying misery—and will thy bosom soon, unfeeling as the clods that cover it, cease to palpitate at the tale of woe; and canst thou now shut up the bowels of thy mercy, or contribute with parsimonious exactness only, to the relief of those suffering objects which surround thee? Hark!———From the heavens a voice cryeth, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, because there is no work nor device in the grave whither thou goest." It is the voice of Jesus, who adds, hearer, for thine encouragement, *Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me.* Blessed is that servant whom, when his Lord cometh, he shall find so doing.

Go then, ye collectors of the bounty of the evening, and receive our charities. Go and let us see who will give unto the poor—Pardon my mistake. I mean who will lend unto the Lord, and in what abundance they will lend. And I pledge myself—Again, what am I saying? GOD pledges himself, however much you may bestow, in faith, that he will repay you again *good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over*, even everlasting consolation will he repay into your bosoms. Almighty GOD! give us grace on this occasion to act worthy of the children of such a parent, and to thy name shall be the glory in CHRIST. *AMEN.*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX,

BY A FRIEND.

MRS. SALLY NOTT, the amiable consort of the Reverend ELIPHALET NOTT, and daughter of the Reverend JOEL BENEDICT, of Plainfield in Connecticut, was born at Lisbon, in said state, on the 29th of August, 1774; and died, after a lingering and doubtful illness, at Ballstown Springs, on the 9th, and was intered at Albany on the 10th of March, 1804, aged twenty-nine years and six months.

Mrs. NOTT was rather small of stature—her complexion was fair, her countenance expressive, and enlivened by an eye uncommonly brilliant, penetrating, and significant.

Her genius was sprightly---her mind enriched by reading, and her taste refined by a happy education. In her conversation she was unassuming---in her manners, artless and unaffected.

In youth she was vivacious, and possessed a talent for satire; but a talent completely concealed beneath the veil of discretion, in maturer years.

She was naturally open hearted; seldom disguised either her feelings or her sentiments; but on the contrary, discovered both with a candor, which, though it sometimes made her enemies, always endeared her to her friends.

Her domestic virtues were examplary. Industry and economy were conspicuous in the care of a rising family, which care had been for years, previous to her death, committed by her confiding partner, exclusively to herself. Filial respect marked her conduct to her parents---fraternal affection to her brethren and sisters, and conjugal love and maternal tenderness, happily blended in her character, were displayed in a life devoted to the interests of her husband and her offspring.

As a neighbor, she was peaceable and obliging—as a friend, candid, sincere and affectionate beyond measure. Her heart knew no guile; and her bosom, hallowed sanctuary, preserved inviolable its sacred trusts.

As a sufferer under long and repeated sicknesses, her firmness, fortitude, and patience have seldom been equalled. She submitted to the Divine rod with cheerful resignation, and was never once heard, under its chatising stroke, to utter a murmuring word. As a member of the church, and as a Christian, her conduct was such *as becometh godliness, and* her example *adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour.*

For more than a year before her death her friends had observed that she became less social and more

contemplative. This probably resulted from a prevailing persuasion that she was to die in early life—a persuasion founded on the obvious impairs which her constitution had already suffered. At a very early period after her last illness she forewarned her friends of her approaching dissolution. Hopeful symptoms, however, beguiled almost every one but herself; among the most hopeful of which, was her wonted cheerfulness which accompanied her to the end. Notwithstanding this cheerfulness she almost daily declared to those around her that she should die; often caused the third part of the 39th Psalm, as paraphrased by Watts, to be read in her hearing, and often solicited her partner to mingle his prayers with hers before the throne of mercy, that she might be resigned and prepared for what she was fully persuaded would be the event. While thus imperceptibly wasting away, all her conversation was expressive of resignation, nor did she intimate, even to her friends, any solicitude respecting life.

With respect to her actual preparation for death, she always spoke with diffidence. The temper, however, which she manifested, the resignation which she discovered, and above all, the uniform and exclusive dependence which she appeared to place on JESUS, the sinner's and the sufferer's friend, furnished more hopeful evidence of the reality of her piety, than the most confident assertions or even the most ardent hopes could otherwise have furnished.

On the Saturday, of the week preceding her death, and at a time when the family were assembled, she

observed, as she had frequently done, that she must soon leave them. Being asked whether, if that should be the case, she were afraid to die ?—She replied,—" No, I am not afraid to die.—I have not indeed that full assurance I could wish.—I am sensible, that I am a miserable sinner—I have no merit of my own to plead before God.—My only hope is built upon the righteousness of Jesus Christ.---I cast myself at his feet---I rely upon his mercy. Will he disappoint me ? Will he let me perish ? ...."

After this, her decline was visible. On Tuesday preceding her death, she set out for Ballstown Springs, and reached them on Wednesday. She wished to be removed to them as the last expedient, though, as she repeatedly declared, she had no confidence in their efficacy. She endured the journey to the astonishment of all who were acquainted with her condition, and the operation of the waters, of which she drank sparingly, at first appeared favorable.

Before she left Albany, a partial delirium was observable—this encreased, and on Friday evening, issued in an almost total loss of reason. In this situation she continued till about two o'clock on Saturday morning, when, nature being exhausted, she expired without a struggle and without a groan. On the same day, her remains were removed to Albany, and the day after were intered in the Presbyterian burying ground.—Melancholy sat upon the countenance of the concourse who attended this solemnity,

and every mark of both public and private respect was paid unto her ashes.—Much loved shade!—farewell---Thou art absent, but not forgotten---the widow records thy kindness---the mourner thy sympathy, and the poor remember thy labours of love---A thousand friends, also, in their bosoms embalm thy memory, who, mingling their sorrows with the sorrows of thy family, and shedding tears of affection upon the cold sods which cover thee, sadly feel thine absence, and mourn thine untimely loss!——

A

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE

NORTH DUTCH CHURCH,

IN THE CITY OF ALBANY,

OCCASIONED BY THE EVER TO BE LAMENTED

DEATH

OF

General Alexander Hamilton.

JULY 29, 1804.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT, A. M.

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN SAID CITY.

A

DISCOURSE.

II. SAMUEL, I, 19.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN !

THE occasion explains the choice of my subject. A subject on which I enter in obedience to your request. You have assembled to express your elegiac sorrows, and sad and solemn weeds cover you.

Before such an audience, and on such an occasion, I enter on the duty assigned me with trembling. Do not mistake my meaning. I tremble indeed---not, however, through fear of failing to merit your applause; for what have I to do with that when addressing the dying and treading on the ashes of the dead---Not through fear of failing justly to pourtray the character of that great man who is at once the theme of my encomium and regret. He needs not eulogy.—His work is finished, and death has removed him beyond my censure, and I would fondly hope, through grace, above my praise.

You will ask then, why I tremble? I tremble to think that I am called to attack from this place a crime, the very idea of which almost freezes one with horror—a crime too which exists among the polite and polished orders of society, and which is accompanied with every aggravation; committed with cool deliberation—and openly in the face of day!

But I have a duty to perform. And difficult and awful as that duty is, I will not shrink from it.

Would to God my talents were adequate to the occasion. But such as they are, I devoutly proffer them to unfold the nature and counteract the influence of that barbarous custom, which, like a resistless torrent, is undermining the foundations of civil government—breaking down the barriers of social happiness, and sweeping away virtue, talents and domestic felicity in its desolating course.

Another and an illustrious character—a father—a general—a statesman—the very man who stood on an eminence and without a rival among sages and heroes, the future hope of his country in danger—this man, yielding to the influence of a custom, which deserves our eternal reprobation, has been brought to an untimely end.

That the deaths of great and useful men should be particularly noticed is equally the dictate of

reason and revelation. The tears of Israel flowed at the decease of good JOSIAH, and to his memory the funeral women chanted the solemn dirge.

But neither examples nor arguments are necessary to wake the sympathies of a grateful people on such occasions. The death of public benefactors surcharges the heart and it spontaneously disburdens itself by a flow of sorrows.

Such was the death of WASHINGTON, to embalm whose memory, and perpetuate whose deathless fame, we lent our feeble, but unnecessary services. Such also, and more peculiarly so, has been the death of HAMILTON.

The tidings of the former moved us—mournfully moved us—and we wept. The account of the latter chilled our hopes and curdled our blood. The former died in a good old age; the latter was cut off in the midst of his usefulness. The former was a customary providence: we saw in it, if I may speak so, the finger of GOD and rested in his sovereignty. The latter is not attended with this soothing circumstance.

The fall of HAMILTON owes its existence to mad deliberation, and is marked by violence. The time, the place, the circumstances, are arranged with barbarous coolness. The instrument of death is levelled in day light, and with well directed skill pointed at his heart. Alas! the event has

proven that it was but too well directed. Wounded, mortally wounded, on the very spot which still smoked with the blood of a favorite son, into the arms of his indiscreet and cruel friend, the father fell.

Ah! had he fallen in the course of nature: or jeopardizing his life in defence of his country, had he fallen——But he did not. He fell in single combat—Pardon my mistake—he did not fall in single combat. His noble nature refused to endanger the life of his antagonist. But he exposed his own life. This was his crime: and the sacredness of my office forbids that I should hesitate explicitly to declare it so.

He did not hesitate to declare it so himself: "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to duelling." These are his words before he ventured to the field of death. "I view the late transaction with sorrow and contrition." These are his words after his return.

Humiliating end of illustrious greatness!—*How are the mighty fallen!* And shall the mighty thus fall! Thus shall the noblest lives be sacrificed and the richest blood be spilt! *Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askalon!*

Think not that the fatal issue of the late inhuman interview was fortuitous. No; the Hand that guides unseen the arrow of the archer steadied and directed the arm of the duellist. And why did it thus direct it? As a solemn *memento*—as a loud

and awful warning to a community where justice has slumbered—and slumbered—and slumbered—while the wife has been robbed of her partner, the mother of her hopes, and life after life rashly and with an air of triumph, sported away.

And was there, O my GOD! no other sacrifice valuable enough—would the cry of no other blood reach the place of retribution and wake justice, dozing over her awful seat!

But though justice should still slumber and retribution be delayed, we who are the ministers of that GOD who will judge the judges of the world, and whose malediction rests on him who does his work unfaithfully, we will not keep silence.

I feel, my brethren, how incongruous my subject is with the place I occupy.

It is humiliating; it is distressing in a Christian country and in churches consecrated to the religion of JESUS, to be obliged to attack a crime which outstrips barbarism, and would even sink the character of a generous savage. But humiliating as it is, it is necessary.

And must we then, even for a moment, forget the elevation on which grace hath placed us, and the light which the gospel sheds around us.—Must we place ourselves back in the midst of barbarism:—And instead of hearers softened to forgiveness by the love of JESUS; filled with noble sentiments to-

wards enemies, and waiting for occasions, after the example of Divinity, to do them good—instead of such hearers, must we suppose ourselves addressing hearts petrified to goodness, incapable of mercy and broiling with revenge!—Must we, O my GOD! instead of exhorting those who hear us, to go on unto perfection, adding to *virtue charity, and to charity brotherly kindness*—must we, as if surrounded by an auditory just emerging out of darkness and still cruel and ferocious, reason to convince them that revenge is unproper, and that to commit deliberate murder is sin!

Yes, we must do this. Repeated violations of the law, and the sanctuary which the guilty find in public sentiment, prove that it is necessary.

Withdraw therefore for a moment, ye celestial spirits—ye holy angels accustomed to hover round these ALTARS, and listen to those strains of grace which heretofore have filled this HOUSE OF GOD. Other subjects occupy us. Withdraw, therefore and leave us—leave us to exhort Christian parents to restrain their vengeance, and at least to keep back their hands from blood—to exhort youth, nurtured in Christian families, not rashly to sport with life nor lightly to wring the widow's heart with sorrows and fill the orphan's eye with tears.—

In accomplishing the object which is before me, it will not be expected, as it is not necessary, that I should give a history of DUELLING. You need not be informed that it originated in a dark and

barbarous age. The polished Greek knew nothing of it---The noble Roman was above it. Rome held in equal detestation the man who exposed his life unnecessarily, and him, who refused to expose it when the public good required it.* Her heroes were superior to private contests. They indulged no vengeance except against the enemies of their country. Their swords were not drawn unless her honor was in danger. Which honor they defended with their swords not only but shielded with their bosoms also, and were then prodigal of their blood.

But though Greece and Rome knew nothing of DUELLING, it exists. It exists among us : and exists at once the most RASH, the most ABSURD and GUILTY practice that ever disgraced a Christian nation.

GUILTY---Because it is a violation of the law. What law ? The law of God. THOU SHALT NOT KILL. This prohibition was delivered by GOD himself, at Sinai to the Jews. And, that it is of universal and perpetual obligation, is manifest from the nature of the crime prohibited not only, but also from the express declaration of the Christian Lawgiver, who hath recognized its justice and added to it the sanctions of his own authority.

"Thou shalt not kill." Who ? Thou, creature. I the Creator, have given life, and thou shalt not take

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* Sallust de bell. Catil. ix.

it away ! When and under what circumstances may I not take away life? Never, and under no circumstances, without my permission.---It is obvious that no discretion whatever is here given. The prohibition is addressed to every individual where the law of GOD is promulgated, and the terms made use of are express and unequivocal. So that life cannot be taken under any pretext, without incurring guilt, unless by a permission sanctioned by the same authority which sanctions the general law prohibiting it.

From this law it is granted there are exceptions. These exceptions, however, do not result from any sovereignty which one creature has over the existance of another ; but from the positive appointment of that eternal Being, whose " is the world and the fullness thereof. In whose hand is the soul of every living creature, and the breath of all mankind."

Even the authority which we claim over the lives of animals is not founded on a natural right, but on a positive grant made by the Deity himself to Noah and his sons.* This grant contains our warrant for taking the lives of animals. But if we may not take the lives of animals without permission from GOD, much less may we the life of man, made in his image.

In what cases then has the Sovereign of life giv-

* Gen. ix, 3.

en this permission ? IN RIGHTFUL WAR*---BY THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE,† and IN NECESSARY SELF-DEFENCE‡---Beside these, I do not hesitate to declare, that in the oracles of GOD there are no other.

He therefore who takes life in any other case, under whatever pretext, takes it unwarrantably, is guilty of what the scriptures call murder, and exposes himself to the malediction of that GOD who is an avenger of blood, and who hath said, " At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso shedeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."

The duellist contravenes the law of GOD not only, but the law of man also. To the prohibition of the former have been added the sanctions of the latter. Life taken in a duel by the common law is murder. And where this is not the case, the giving and receiving of a challenge only, is by statute, considered a high misdemeanor, for which the principal and his second are declared infamous and disfranchised for twenty years.

Under what accumulated circumstances of aggravation does the duellist jeopardise his own life or take the life of his antagonist.

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* 2 Sam. x, 12. Jer. xlviii, 10, Luke. iii, 14. † Ex. xxi. 12. ‡ Ex. xxii. 2.

I am sensible that in a licentious age, and when laws are made to yield to the vices of those who move in the *higher circles*, this crime is called by I know not what mild and accommodating name. But before these altars ; in this house of GOD, what is it ? It is MURDER---*deliberate, aggravated* MURDER.

If the duellist deny this, let him produce his warrant from the Author of life, for taking away from his creature the life which had been sovereignly given. If he cannot do this, beyond all controversy, he is a murderer ; for murder consists in taking away life without the permission, and contrary to the prohibition of him who gave it.

Who is it then that calls the duellist to the dangerous and deadly combat? Is it GOD ? No ; on the contrary he forbids it. Is it then his country ? No ; she also utters her prohibitory voice. Who is it then? A man of honor. And who is this man of honor ? A man perhaps whose honor is a name. Who prates with polluted lips about the sacredness of character, when his own is stained with crimes and needs but the single shade of murder to complete the dismal and sickly picture.

Every transgression of the divine law implies great guilt, because it is the transgression of infinite authority. But the crime of deliberately and lightly taking life has peculiar aggravations. It

is a crime committed against the written law not only, but also against the dictates of reason, the remonstrances of conscience, and every tender and amiable feeling of the heart.

To the unfortunate sufferer, it is the wanton violation of his most sacred rights. It snatches him from his friends and his comforts. Terminates his state of trial, and precipitates him, uncalled for and perhaps unprepared, into the presence of his Judge.

You will say the duellist feels no malice. Be it so. Malice, indeed, is murder in principle. But there may be murder in reason, and in fact, where there is no malice. Some other unwarrantable passion or principle may lead to the unlawful taking of human life.

The highwayman, who cuts the throat and rifles the pocket of the passing traveller, feels no malice. And could he, with equal ease and no greater danger of detection, have secured his booty without taking life, he would have stayed his arm over the palpitating bosom of his victim and let the plundered suppliant pass.

Would the imputation of cowardice have been inevitable to the duellist if a challenge had not been given or accepted? The imputation of want had been no less inevitable to the robber if the money of the passing traveller had not been secured.

Would the duellist have been willing to have

spared the life of his antagonist if the point of honor could otherwise have been gained ? So would the robber if the point of property could have been. Who can say that the motives of the one are not as urgent as the motives of the other, and the means by which both obtain the object of their wishes are the same.

Thus, according to the dictates of reason, as well as the law of God, the highwayman and the duellist stand on ground equally untenable; and support their guilty havoc of the human race by arguments equally fallacious.

Is duelling guilty ? So it is

Absurd.....It is absurd as a punishment, for it admits of no proportion to crimes: and besides, virtue and vice, guilt and innocence are equally exposed by it, to death or suffering. As a reparation, it is still more absurd, for it makes the injured liable to a still greater injury. And as the vindication of personal character, it is absurd even beyond madness.

One man of honor by some inadvertence, or perhaps with design, injures the sensibility of another man of honor. In perfect character the injured gentleman resents it. He challenges the offender. The offender accepts the challenge. The time is fixed. The place is agreed upon. The circumstances, with an air of solemn mania are arranged ; and the principals, with their seconds and surgeons, retire under the covert of some solitary

hill, or upon the margin of some unfrequented beach, to settle this important question of honor by stabbing or shooting at each other.

One or the other or both the parties fall in this polite and gentlemanlike contest. And what does this prove ? It proves that one or the other or both of them, as the case may be, are marksmen. But it affords no evidence that either of them possess honor, probity or talents.

It is true that he who falls in single combat, has the honor of being murdered : and he who takes his life, the honor of a murderer. Besides this, I know not of any glory which can redound to the infatuated combatants except it be what results from having extended the circle of wretched widows, and added to the number of hapless orphans.

And yet, terminate as it will, this frantic meeting, by a kind of magic influence, entirely varnishes over a defective and smutty character. Transforms vice to virtue, cowardice to courage, makes falsehood truth, guilt innocence....In one word, it gives a new complexion to the whole state of things. The Ethiopian changes his skin, the leopard his spot, and the debauched and treacherous.....having shot away the infamy of a sorry life, comes back from the field of PERFECTIBILITY quite regenerated and in the fullest sense an honorable man. He is now fit for the company of gentlemen. He is admitted to that company, and should he again by acts of vileness stain this purity of

character so nobly acquired, and should any one have the affrontery to say that he has done so, again he stands ready to vindicate his honor, and by another act of homicide, to wipe away the stain which has been attached to it.

I might illustrate this article by example. I might produce instances of this mysterious transformation of character, in the sublime circles of moral refinement, furnished by the higher orders of the fashionable world, which the mere firing of pistols has produced.

But the occasion is too awful for irony.

Absurd as duelling is, were it absurd only, though we might smile at the weakness and pity the folly of its abettors, there would be no occasion for seriously attacking them—But to what has been said, I add, that duelling is

RASH AND PRESUMPTUOUS.

Life is the gift of God, and it was never bestowed to be sported with. To each the Sovereign of the universe has marked out a sphere to move in and assigned a part to act. This part respects ourselves not only but others also.—Each lives for the benefit of all.

As in the system of nature the sun shines, not to display its own brightness and answer its own convenience, but to warm, enlighten and bless the world ; so in the system of animated beings, there is a dependence, a correspondence and a re-

lation through an infinitely extended, dying and reviving universe—*In which no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself.* Friend is related to friend. The father to his family; the individual to community. To every member of which, having fixed his station and assigned his duty, the GOD of nature says, "Keep this trust—defend this post." For whom? For thy friends—thy family—thy country. And having received such a charge, and for such a purpose, to desert it is rashness and temerity.

Since the opinions of men are as they are, do you ask, how you shall avoid the imputation of cowardice, if you do not fight when you are injured? Ask your family how you will avoid the imputation of cruelty—ask your conscience how you will avoid the imputation of guilt—ask GOD how you will avoid his malediction if you do? These are previous questions. Let these first be answered, and it will be easy to reply to any which may follow them.

If you only except a challenge when you believe in your conscience that duelling is wrong, you act the coward. The dastardly fear of the world governs you. Awed by its menaces you conceal your sentiments, appear in disguise and act in guilty conformity to principles not your own, and that too in the most solemn moment and when engaged in an act which exposes you to death.

But if it be rashness to accept, how passing rashness is it, in a sinner, to give a challenge? Does

it become him, whose life is measured out by crimes, to be extreme to mark and punctilious to resent whatever is amiss in others? Must the duellist, who now disdaining to forgive, so imperiously demands satisfaction to the uttermost—must this man, himself trembling at the recollection of his offences, presently appear a suppliant before the mercy seat of GOD. Imagine this, and the case is not imaginary, and you cannot conceive an instance of greater inconsistency or of more presumptuous arrogance. Wherefore *avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the* LORD.

Do you ask then, how you shall conduct towards your enemy who hath lightly done you wrong? If he be hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him; if thirsty, give him drink. Such, had you preferred your question to JESUS CHRIST is the answer he had given you. By observing which, you will usually subdue, and always act more honorable than your enemy.

I feel, my brethren, as a minister of JESUS and a teacher of his gospel, a noble elevation on this article.

Compare the conduct of the Christian, acting in conformity to the principles of religion, and of the duellist, acting in conformity to the principles of honor, and let reason say which bears the marks of the most exalted greatness. Compare them, and

let reason say which enjoys the most calm serenity of mind in time, and which is likely to receive the plaudid of his Judge in immortality.

GOD, from his throne, beholds not a nobler object on his footstool, than the man who loves his enemies, pities their errors, and forgives the injuries they do him. This is indeed the very spirit of the heavens. It is the image of HIS benignity whose glory fills them.

To return to the subject before us—GUILTY, ABSURD, and RASH as duelling is, it has its advocates. And had it not had its advocates—had not a strange preponderance of opinion been in favor of it, never, O, lamented HAMILTON! hadst thou thus fallen, in the midst of thy days, and before thou hadst reached the zenith of thy glory.

O that I possessed the talent of eulogy, and that I might be permitted to indulge the tenderness of friendship in paying the last tribute to his memory. O that I were capable of placing this great man before you. Could I do this, I should furnish you with an argument, the most practical, the most plain, the most convincing, except that drawn from the mandate of GOD, that was ever furnished against duelling, that horrid practice, which has, in an awful moment, robbed the world of such exalted worth.

But I cannot do this, I can only hint at the variety and exuberance of his excellence.

The MAN, on whom nature seems originally to have impressed the stamp of greatness. Whose

genius beamed from the retirement of collegiate life, with a radiance which dazzled, and a loveliness which charmed, the eye of sages.

The HERO, called from his sequestered retreat, whose first appearance in the field, though a stripling, conciliated the esteem of WASHINGTON, our good old father. Moving by whose side, during all the perils of the revolution, our young chieftain was a contributer to the veteran's glory, the guardian of his person, and the compartner of his toils.

The CONQUEROR, who sparing of human blood, when victory favored, stayed the uplifted arm, and nobly said to the vanquished enemy, "LIVE!"——

The STATESMAN, the correctness of whose principles and the strength of whose mind, are inscribed on the records of congress and on the annals of the council chamber. Whose genius impressed itself upon the CONSTITUTION of his country; and whose memory, the government, ILLUSTRIOUS FABRIC, resting on this basis, will perpetuate while it lasts; and shaken by the violence of party, should it fall, which may heaven avert, his prophetic declarations will be found inscribed on its ruins.

The COUNSELLOR, who was at once the pride of the bar and the admiration of the court. Whose apprehensions were quick as lightning, and whose developement of truth was luminous as its path—Whose argument no change of circumstances could

embarrass—Whose knowledge appeared intuitive; and who by a single glance, and with as much facility as the eye of the eagle passes over the landscape, surveyed the whole field of controversy—saw in what way truth might be most successfully defended, and how error must be approached. And who, without ever stopping, ever hesitating, by a rapid and manly march, led the listening judge and the fascinated juror, step by step, through a delightsome region, brightening as he advanced, till his argument rose to demonstration, and eloquence was rendered useless by conviction.

Whose talents were employed on the side of righteousness. Whose voice, whether in the council-chamber or at the bar of justice, was virtue's consolation. At whose approach oppressed humanity felt a secret rapture and the heart of injured innocence lept for joy.

Where HAMILTON was---in whatever sphere he moved, the friendless had a friend, the fatherless a father, and the poor man, though unable to reward his kindness, found an advocate. It was when the rich oppressed the poor,—when the powerful menaced the defenceless—when truth was disregarded or the eternal principles of justice violated—it was on these occasions that he exerted all his strength. It was on these occasions that he sometimes soared so high and shone with a radiance so transcendent, I had almost said, so "heavenly as filled those around him with awe, and gave to him the force and authority of a prophet."

The PATRIOT, whose integrity baffled the scrutiny of inquisition. Whose manly virtue never shaped itself to circumstances. Who al ays great, always himself, stood amidst the varying tides of party, *firm*, like the rock, which, far from land, lifts its majestic top above the waves, and remains unshaken by the storms which agitate the ocean.

The FRIEND, who knew no guile. Whose bosom was transparent, and deep, in the bottom of whose heart was rooted every tender and sympathetic virtue. Whose various worth opposing parties acknowledged while alive, and on whose tomb they unite with equal sympathy and grief to heap their honors.

I know he had his failings. I see on the picture of his life, a picture rendered awful by greatness, and luminous by virtue, some dark shades . . . . . . On these let the tear that pities human weakness fall: on these let the vail which covers human frailty rest . . . . . As a hero, as a statesman, as a patriot, he lived nobly: and would to GOD I could add, he nobly fell.

Unwilling to admit his error in this respect, I go back to the period of discussion. I see him resisting the threatened interview. I imagine myself present in his chamber. Various reasons, for a time, seem to hold his determination in arrest. Various and moving objects pass before him, and speak a dissuasive language.

His country, which may need his counsels to guide and his arm to defend, utters her *veto*. The partner of his youth, already covered with weeds, and whose tears flow down into her bosom, intercedes ! His babes, stretching out their little hands and pointing to a weeping mother, with lisping eloquence, but eloquence which reaches a parent's heart, cry out " Stay—stay—dear father and live for us !" In the mean time the spectre of a fallen son, pale and ghastly, approaches, opens his bleeding bosom, and as the harbinger of death, points to the yawning tomb and forewarns a hesitating father of the issue !

He pauses. Reviews these sad objects : and reasons on the subject. I admire his magnanimity, I approve his reasoning, and I wait to hear him reject with indignation the murderous proposition, and to see him spurn from his presence the presumptuous bearer of it.

But I wait in vain. It was a momeut in which his great wisdom forsook him. A moment in which HAMILTON was not himself.

He yielded to the force of an imperious custom. And yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest—and he is lost—lost to his country—lost to his family—lost to us.

For this.....act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive.

I mean not his antagonist: Over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly will suffer, with the poignant recollection, of having taken the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. Had he have known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while it pointed, at so incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften—if it be not ice, it must melt. . . . . But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him—and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as supplicants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I cannot forgive.

I cannot forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject. I cannot forgive that public prosecutor, who entrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen those wrongs, and taken no measures to avenge them. I cannot forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of state, who has lightly passed over such offences. I cannot forgive the public, in whose opinion the

duellist finds a sanctuary. I cannot forgive you, my brethren, who till this late hour have been silent, whilst successive murders were committed. No; I cannot forgive you, that you have not in common with the freemen of this state, raised your voice to the *powers that be*, and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws. Demanded this in a manner, which if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and plead your excuse before the God that filleth them. In whose presence as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood which crieth against us, had I been silent. But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses—the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

I enjoy another opportunity; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the late scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side, the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children---and on the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them, by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphan's sighs and tears---

And having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of HAMILTON---I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody MANTLE---I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of GOD I would ask, whether at the sight of IT they felt no compunction.

You will ask perhaps, what can be done, to arrest the progress of a practice which has yet so many advocates? I answer, *nothing*—If it be the deliberate intention to do NOTHING. But if otherwise, much is within our power.

Let then the governor see that the laws are executed—Let the council displace the man who offends against their majesty. Let courts of justice frown from their bar, as unworthy to appear before them, the murderer and his accomplices. Let the people declare him unworthy of their confidence who engages in such sanguinary contests. Let this be done, and should life still be taken in single combat, then the governor, the council, the court, the people, looking up to the Avenger of sin, may say, "we are innocent—we are innocent."

Do you ask how proof can be obtained? How can it be avoided?—The parties return, hold up before our eyes the instruments of death, publish to the world the circumstances of their interview, and even, with an air of insulting triumph, boast, how cooly and how deliberately they proceeded in violating one of the most sacred laws of earth and heaven.—

Ah! ye tragic shores of Hoboken, crimsoned with the richest blood, I tremble at the crimes you record against us—the annual register of murders, which you keep and send up to GOD! Place of inhuman cruelty! beyond the limits of reason, of duty, and of religion, where man assumes a more barbarous nature, and ceases to be man. What poignant, lingering sorrows do thy lawless combats occasion to surviving relatives!

Ye who have hearts of pity—ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship—who have wept, and still weep over the mouldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

O thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son, what must be the plentitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom GOD hath not comforted! To his throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless—if in the fullness of thy goodness there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in THEE!

On this article I have done: and may God add his blessing.

But I have still a claim upon your patience. I cannot here repress my feelings, and thus let pass the present opportunity.....

How are the mighty fallen! And regardless as we are of vulgar deaths, shall not the fall of the mighty affect us!

A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence; and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, for ever, fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless is the eye, whose radient and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed for ever are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur. The bubble which semed to have so much solidity has burst: and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.....

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced. The sad and solemn procession has moved. The badge of mourning has already been decreed, and

presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of HAMILTON, and rehearse to the passing traveller his virtues.

Just tributes of respect! And to the living useful. But to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they?—How vain! how unavailing!

Approach, and behold—while I lift from his sepulchre its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale! How silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements. No fascinated throng weep—and melt—and tremble at his eloquence!—Amazing change. A shrowd! a coffin! a narrow subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of HAMILTON! And is this all that remains of HIM?—During a life so transitory, what lasting monument then can our fondest hopes erect?

My brethren! we stand on the borders of an AWFUL GULF, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten.

Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death bed, and his illumined spirit

still whispers from the heavens, with well known eloquence, the solemn admonition.

"Mortals! hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors—Cultivate the virtues I have recommended—Choose the Savior I have chosen—Live disinterestedly—Live for immortality; and would you rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in GOD."

Thus speaks, methinks, our deceased benefactor, and thus he acted during his last sad hours. To the exclusion of every other concern, religion now claims all his thoughts.

JESUS! JESUS is now his only hope. The friends of JESUS are his friends. The ministers of the altar his companions. While these intercede he listens in awful silence, or in profound submission, whispers his assent.

Sensible, deeply sensible of his sins, he pleads no merit of his own. He repairs to the mercy seat, and there pours out his penitential sorrows---there he solicits pardon.

Heaven, it should seem, heard and pitied the suppliant's cries. Disburdened of his sorrows, and looking up to God, he exclaims, "Grace, rich grace." "I have," said he, clasping his dying hands, and with a faltering tongue, "I HAVE A TENDER RELIANCE ON THE MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST." In token of this reliance, and as an

expression of his faith, he receives the holy sacrament. And having done this, his mind becomes tranquil and serene. Thus he remains, thoughtful indeed, but unruffled to the last, and meets death with an air of dignified composure, and with an eye directed to the heavens.

This last act, more than any other, sheds glory on his character. Every thing else death effaces. Religion alone abides with him on his death-bed. He dies a Christian. This is all which can be enrolled of him among the archives of eternity. This is all that can make his name great in heaven.

Let not the sneering infidel persuade you that this last act of homage to the Savior, resulted from an enfeebled state of mental faculties, or from perturbation occasioned by the near approach of death. No; his opinions concerning the Divine Mission of JESUS CHRIST, and the validity of the holy scriptures had long been settled, and settled after laborious investigation and extensive and deep research. These opinions were not concealed. I knew them myself. Some of you who hear me knew them. And had his life been spared, it was his determination to have published them to the world, together with the facts and reasons on which they were founded.

At a time when skepticism, shallow and superficial indeed, but depraved and malignant, is breathing forth its pestilential vapour, and polluting by its

unhallowed touch, every thing divine and sacred; it is consoling to a devout mind to reflect, that the great, and the wise, and the good of all ages; those superior geniuses, whose splendid talents have elevated them almost above mortality, and placed them next in order to angelic natures—Yes, it is consoling to a devout mind to reflect, that while *dwarfish infidelity* lifts up its deformed head and mocks, these ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES, though living in different ages—inhabiting different countries—nurtured in different schools—destined to different pursuits—and differing on variaus subjects—should all, as if touched with an impulse from heaven, agree to vindicate the Sacredness of Revelation, and present with one accord, their learning, their talents and their virtue, on the Gospel Altar, as an offering to Emmanuel.

This is not exaggeration. Who was it, that overleaping the narrow bounds which had hitherto been set to the human mind, ranged abroad through the immensity of space, discovered and illustrated those laws by which the DEITY unites, binds, and governs all things? Who was it, soaring into the sublime of astronomic science, numbered the stars of heaven, measured their spheres, and called them by their names? It was NEWTON. But Newton was a Christain. Newton, great as he was, received instruction from the lips, and laid his honors at the feet, of JESUS.

Who was it, that developed the hidden combination, the component parts of bodies? Who was it,

dissected the animal, examined the flower, penetrated the earth, and ranged the extent of organic nature? It was BOYLE. But Boyle was a Christian.

Who was it, that lifted the vail which had for ages covered the intellectual world, analyzed the human mind, defined its powers, and reduced its operations to certain and fixed laws? It was LOCKE. But Locke too was a Christian.

What more shall I say? For time would fail me, to speak of HALE, learned in the law; of ADDISON, admired in the schools; of MILTON, celebrated among the poets; and of WASHINGTON, immortal in the field and in the cabinet.—To this catalogue of professing Christians, from among, if I may speak so, a higher order of beings, may now be added the name of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. A name which raises in the mind the idea of whatever is great, whatever is splendid, whatever is illustrious in human nature; and which is now added to a catalogue which might be lengthened—and lengthened—and lengthened with the names of illustrious characters, whose lives have blessed society, and whose works form a COLUMN high as heaven—a column of learning, of wisdom and of greatness, which will stand to future ages, an ETERNAL MONUMENT of the transcendent talents of the advocates of Christianity, when every fugitive leaf, from the pen of the canting infidel witlings of the day, shall be swept by the tide of time from the annals of the world, and buried with the names of their authors in oblivion.

To conclude. *How are the mighty fallen!* Fallen before the desolating hand of death. Alas! the ruins of the tomb . . . . . The ruins of the tomb are an emblem of the ruins of the world. When not an individual, but an universe, already marred by sin and hastening to dissolution, shall agonize and die! Directing your thoughts from the one, fix them for a moment on the other. Anticipate the concluding scene, the final catastrophe of nature. When the sign of the Son of man shall be seen in heaven. When the Son of man himself shall appear in the glory of his Father, and send forth judgment unto victory. The fiery desolation envelopes towns, palaces and fortresses. The heavens pass away! The earth melts! and all those magnificent productions of art, which ages, heaped on ages, have reared up, are in one awful day reduced to ashes!

Against the ruins of that day, as well as the ruins of the tomb which precede it, the gospel in the CROSS of its great HIGH PRIEST, offers you all a sanctuary. A sanctuary secure and abiding. A sanctuary, which no lapse of time nor change of circumstances can destroy. No; neither life nor death—No; neither principalities nor powers.

Every thing else is fugitive; every thing else is mutable; every thing else will fail you. But this, the CITADEL of the Christian's hopes, will never fail you. Its base is adamant. It is cemented with the richest blood. The ransomed of the Lord crowd its portals. Enbosomed in the dust which it incloses, the bodies of the redeemed "rest in hope." On its top dwells the

Church of the first born, who in delightful response with the angels of light, chant redeeming love. Against this citadel the tempest beats, and around it the storm rages and spends its force in vain. Immortal in its nature, and incapable of change, it stands and stands firm, amidst the ruins of a mouldering world, and endures for ever.

Thither fly, ye prisoners of hope!—that when earth, air, elements, shall have passed away, secure of existence and felicity, you may join with saints in glory, to perpetuate the song which lingered on the faultering tongue of HAMILTON, "GRACE, RICH GRACE."

GOD grant us this honor. Then shall the measure of our joy be full, and to his name shall be the glory in CHRIST." *AMEN.*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The following paper, in the hand writing of Gen. HAMILTON, *was inclosed with his Will, and some other papers, in a packet, addressed to one of his executors, which was of course not to have been delivered but in case of the melancholy event that has happened. As it contains his motives and reflections on the causes that have led to this fatal catastrophe, it is deemed proper to communicate it to the public.*

ON my expected interview with Col. BURR, I think it proper to make some remarks explanatory of my conduct, motives and views.

I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview for the most cogent reasons.

1. My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.

2. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them, in various views.

3. I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors, who, in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to this hazard.

4. I am conscious of no *ill will* to Col. BURR, distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

Lastly, I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing, by the issue of the interview.

But it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. There were *intrinsic* difficulties in the thing, and *artificial* embarrassments, from the manner of proceeding on the part of Col. BURR.

Intrinsic, because it is not to be denied, that my animadversions on the political principles, character and views of Col. BURR, have been extremely severe; and on different occasions, I, in common with many others, have made very unfavorable criticisms on particular instances of the private conduct of this gentleman.

In proportion as these impressions were entertained with sincerity, and uttered with motives and for purposes which might appear to me com-

mendable, would be the difficulty (until they could be removed by evidence of their being erroneous) of explanation or apology. The disavowal required of me by Col. BURR, in a general and indefinite form, was out of my power, if it had really been proper for me to submit to be so questioned; but I was sincerely of opinion that this could not be, and in this opinion I was confirmed by that of a very moderate and judicious friend whom I consulted. Besides that Col. BURR appeared to me to assume, in the first instance, a tone unnecessarily peremptory and menacing, and in the second, positively offensive. Yet I wished, as far as might be practicable, to leave a door open to accommodation. This, I think, will be inferred from the written communications made by me and by my direction, and would be confirmed by the conversations between Mr. Van Ness and myself, which arose out of the subject.

I am not sure, whether, under all the circumstances, I did not go further in the attempt to accommodate, than a punctilious delicacy will justify. If so, I hope the motives I have stated will excuse me.

It is not my design, by what I have said, to affix any odium on the conduct of Col. BURR, in this case—He doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine which bore very hard upon him; and it is probable that, as usual they were accom-

panied with some falsehoods. He may have supposed himself under the necessity of acting as he has done ; I hope the grounds of his proceeding have been such as ought to satisfy his own conscience.

I trust, at the same time, that the world will do me the justice to believe, that I have not censured him on light grounds, nor from unworthy inducements. I certainly have had strong reasons for what I may have said, though it is possible that in some particulars, I may have been influenced by misconstruction or misinformation. It is also my ardent wish that I may have been more mistaken than I think I have been, and that he, by his future conduct, may shew himself worthy of all confidence and esteem, and prove an ornament and blessing to the country.

As well because it is possible that I may have injured Col. BURR, however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in relation to similar affairs—I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to *reserve* and *throw away* my first fire, and *I have thoughts* even of *reserving* my second fire—and thus giving a double opportunity to Col. BURR, to pause and to reflect.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground—Apology, from

principle I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question.

To those, who, with me, abhoring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples---I answer, that my *relative* situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honour, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs, which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular. A. H.

WILL.

In the name of God, Amen. I, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, of the city of New-York, counsellor at law, do make this my last will and testament, as follows:

First. I appoint John B. Church, Nicholas Fish, and Nathaniel Pendleton, of the city aforesaid, Esquires, to be executors and trustees of this my will, and I devise to them, their heirs and assigns, as joint tenants and not as tenants in common, all my estate real and personal whatsoever, and wheresoever, upon trust, at their discretion, to sell and dispose of the same, at such

time and times, in such manner, and upon such terms, as they, the survivors and survivor shall think fit, and out of the proceeds to pay all the debts which I shall owe at the time of my decease; in whole if the fund be sufficient; proportionably if it shall be insufficient; and the residue, if any there shall be, to pay and deliver to my excellent and dear wife Elizabeth Hamilton.

Though if it should please God to spare my life, I may look for a considerable surplus out of my present property, yet if he should speedily call me to the eternal world, a forced sale, as is usual, may possibly render it insufficient to satisfy my debts. I pray God that something may remain for the maintenance and education of my dear wife and children. But should it on the contrary happen that there is not enough for the payment of my debts, I entreat my dear children, if they, or any of them, should ever be able, to make up the deficiency. I without hesitation commit to their delicacy a wish which is dictated by my own. Though conscious that I have too far sacrificed the interests of my family to public avocations, and on this account have the less claim to burthen my children, yet I trust in their magnanimity to appreciate as they ought, this my request. In so unfavorable an event of things, the support of their dear mother, with the most respectful and tender attention, is a duty, all the sacredness of which they will feel. Probably her own patrimonial resources will preserve her from

indigence. But in all situations they are charged to bear in mind that she has been to them the most devoted and best of mothers.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand, the ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Signed, sealed, published and declared, as and for his last will and testament, in our presence, who have subscribed the same in his presence, the words John B. Church, being above interlined.

DOMINICK F. BLAKE,
GRAHAM BURRILL,
THEO: B. VALLEAU.

New-York, Surrogate's Office, ss. *July* 16, 1804.

I do hereby certify the preceding to be a true copy of the original will of Alexander Hamilton, deceased, now on file in my office.

SILVANUS MILLER, *Surrogate.*

BISHOP MOORE'S LETTER.

MR. COLEMAN,

THE public mind being extremely agitated by the melancholy fate of that great man, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, I have thought it would be

grateful to my fellow citizens, would provide against misrepresentations, and, perhaps, be conducive to the advancement of the cause of religion, were I to give a narrative of some facts which have fallen under my own observation, during the time which elapsed between the fatal duel and his departure out of this world.

Yesterday morning, immediately after he was brought from Hoboken to the house of Mr. Bayard, at Greenwich, a message was sent, informing me of the sad event, accompanied by a request from Gen. HAMILTON, that I would come to him for the purpose of administering the holy communion. I went; but being desirous to afford time for serious reflection, and conceiving that under existing circumstances, it would be right and proper to avoid every appearance of precipitancy in performing one of the most solemn offices of our religion, I did not then comply with his desire. At one o'clock I was again called on to visit him. Upon my entering the room and approaching his bed, with the utmost calmness and composure he said, "My dear Sir, you perceive my unfortunate situation, and no doubt have been made acquainted with the circumstances which led to it. It is my desire to receive the communion at your hands. I hope you will not conceive there is any impropriety in my request." He added, "It has for some time past been the wish of my heart, and it was my intention to take an early opportunity of uniting myself to the church, by the reception of that

holy ordinance." I observed to him, that he must be very sensible of the delicate and trying situation in which I was then placed ; that however desirous I might be to afford consolation to a fellow mortal in distress ; still, it was my duty as a minister of the gospel, to hold up the law of God as paramount to all other law ; and that, therefore, under the influence of such sentiments, I must unequivocally condemn the practice which had brought him to his present unhappy condition. He acknowledged the propriety of these sentiments, and declared he viewed the late transaction with sorrow and contrition. I then asked him, "should it please God to restore you to health, Sir, will you never be again engaged in a similar transaction ? and will you employ all your influence in society to discountenance this barbarous custom." His answer was, " That, Sir, is my deliberate intention."

I proceeded to converse with him on the subject of his receiving the communion ; and told him that with respect to the qualifications of those who wished to become partakers of that holy ordinance, my enquiries could not be made in language more expressive than that which was used by our church—" Do you sincerely repent of " your sins past ? Have you a lively faith in " God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful re- " membrance of the death of Christ ? And are " you disposed to live in love and charity with " all men ?" He lifted up his hands and said,

"With the utmost sincerity of heart I can answer "those questions in the affirmative—I have no ill "will against Col. BURR. I met him with a fix- "ed resolution to do him no harm. I forgive all "that happened." I then observed to him, that the terrors of the divine law were to be announced to the obdurate and impenitent; but that the consolations of the Gospel were to be offered to the humble and contrite heart; that I had no reason to doubt his sincerity, and would proceed immediately to gratify his wishes. The communion was then administered, which he received with great devotion, and his heart afterwards appeared to be perfectly at rest. I saw him again this morning, when with his last faltering words he expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God through the intercession of the Redeemer. I remained with him until 2 o'clock this afternoon, when death closed the awful scene—he expired without a struggle, and almost without a groan.

By reflecting on this melancholy event, let the humble believer be encouraged ever to hold fast that precious faith which is the only source of true consolation in the last extremity of nature. Let the infidel be persuaded to abandon his opposition to that gospel which the strong, inquisitive, and comprehensive mind of a HAMILTON embraced, in his last moments, as the truth from heaven. Let those who are disposed to justify the practice of duelling, be induced, by this sim-

ple narrative, to view with abhorrence that custom which has occasioned an irreparable loss to a worthy and most afflicted family ; which has deprived his friends of a beloved companion, his profession of one of its brightest ornaments, and his country of a great statesman and a real patriot. With great respect, I remain

Your friend and serv't,

BENJAMIN MOORE.

Rev. Mr. MASON'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser.

HAVING read in your paper of the 16th, a very imperfect account of my conversation with General Hamilton the day previous to his decease, I judge it my duty to lay the following narrative before the public.

On the morning of Wednesday the 11th inst. shortly after the rumour of the General's injury had created an alarm in the city, a note from Dr. Post informed me that " he was extremely ill at Mr. William Bayard's, and expressed a particular desire to see me as soon as possible." I went immediately. The exchange of melancholy salutation on entering the General's apartment, was succeeded by a silence which he broke by saying,

that he " had been anxious to see me, and have the sacrament administered to him, and that this was still his wish." I replied " that it gave me unutterable pain to receive from him any request to which I could not accede : That in the present instance, a compliance was incompatible with all my obligations ; as it was a principle in our churches never to administer the Lord's Supper privately to any person under any circumstances." He urged me no further. I then remarked to him that " the holy communion is an exhibition and pledge of the mercies which the Son of God has purchased ; that the absence of the sign does not exclude from the mercies signified ; which were accessable to him by faith in their gracious Author." " I am aware" said he " of that. It is only as a sign that I wanted it." A short pause ensued. I resumed the discourse, by observing that " I had nothing to address to him in his affliction but that same *gospel of the grace of God* which it is my office to preach to the most obscure and illiterate : that in the sight of God all men are on a level, as *all have sinned, and come short of his glory ;* and that they must apply to him for pardon and for life, *as sinners*, whose only refuge is in his *grace reigning by righteousness through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" " I perceive it to be so," said he, " I am a sinner : I look to his mercy." I then adverted to " the infinite merit of the Redeemer, as the *propitiation for sin*, the sole ground of our acceptance with God ; the sole

channel of his favor to us ; and cited the following passages of the scripture : " There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus—He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them—The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." This last passage introduced the affair of the duel, on which I reminded the General that he was not to be instructed as to its moral aspect ; that " *the precious blood of Christ* was as effectual and as necessary to wash away the transgression which had involved him in suffering, as any other transgression ; and that he must there, and there alone, seek peace for his conscience, and a hope that should *not make him ashamed.*" He assented with strong emotion, to these representations, and declared his abhorrence of the whole transaction. " It was always," added he " against my principles. I used every expedient to avoid the interview : but I have found, for some time past, that my life *must* be exposed to that man. I went to the field determined not to take *his* life." He repeated his disavowal of all intention to hurt Mr. BURR ; the anguish of his mind in recollecting what had passed ; and his humble hope of forgiveness from his God." I recurred to the topic of the divine compassions ; the freedom of pardon in the Redeemer Jesus, to perishing sinners. " That grace, my dear General, which brings salvation is rich, rich—" Yes," in-

I saw him a second time, on the morning of Thursday ; but from his appearance, and what I had heard, supposing he could not speak without severe effort, I had no conversation with him. I prayed, for a moment, at his bed-side, in company with his overwhelmed family and friends ; and for the rest, was one of the mourning spectators of his composure and dignity in suffering. His mind remained in its former state ; and he viewed, with calmness, his approaching dissolution. I left him between twelve and one, and at two, as the public know, he breathed his last.

I am, sir, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. M. MASON.

A SERMON

PREACHED BEFORE THE

General Assembly

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

BY APPOINTMENT OF THEIR

STANDING COMMITTEE OF MISSIONS,

MAY 19, 1806.

PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE IN THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY,

May 20th, 1806.

"*Resolved*, That the Standing Committee of Missions be directed to present the thanks of this Assembly to the Revd. Dr. NOTT for his Sermon, and to request a copy thereof for publication."

A true Copy of Record,

NATHANIEL IRWIN, *P. Clk. G. A.*

BY THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF MISSIONS;

Resolved, That the thanks of this Committee be presented to the Revd. Dr. NOTT, for his Missionary Sermon, delivered at their request."

Extract from the Minutes,

J. J. JANEWAY, *Sec.*

A

SERMON.

1 COR. XV. 58.

ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD.

SON *of man can these dry bones live?* Thus spake God himself to Ezekiel in a vision: the circumstances of which were as follow.

The prophet had been carried away in the Spirit, and set down in a valley full of dry bones. Having passed round about this valley, and while surveying its silent and affecting ruins, a voice addressed him, Son of man can these dry bones live? To this interrogation the prophet gives not a decisive answer, but resolves the issue into the sovereignty of God: *O Lord God thou knowest.*

The voice which before interrogated now commands, *Prophesy upon these dry bones and say unto them, hear the word of the Lord.* The prophet obeys, and as he prophesies—Lo! the sinews and the flesh come upon them, and the skin covers them above.

Over these bones, which as yet had no breath in them, the prophet was again commanded to prophesy, and again was obedient. Breath now *came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.*

This vision contains, in emblem, a representation of the promised recovery of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon. This, however, is not all that it contains. Between the captive state of Judah and the fallen state of man there is a manifest analogy. The DRY BONES which are a striking emblem of the former, are a no less striking emblem of the latter. And the miracle of cloathing these dry bones with flesh, and inspiring them with life, may be considered as the figure of another miracle, more astonishing, equally above the reach of man, and "decisively evincive of the agency of God."—I mean the miracle of a moral resurrection. Notwithstanding the life and vigour of the intellectual powers of man, revelation asserts, and experience confirms the melancholy assertion, *that with respect to his moral powers he is dead in trespasses and sins.*

The situation of the prophet prophesying over dry bones, resembles that of the evangelist calling on the spiritually dead to hear and live. And if in the former instance there was encouragement for the prophet to prophesy, in the latter, there is no less encouragement for the evangelist to preach. Success then depended, and now de-

pends, not on the will of man but of God. And *his arm is not shortened that it can not save, nor is his ear heavy that it can not hear.*

Behold, Christians, the ground of our hope for sinners, and, beholding it, *be steadfast, unmoveable,* ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD, *forasmuch as ye know that your labors is not in vain in the Lord.*

By *abounding in the work of the Lord,* may be understood an acquiescence in the divine government, and a constant and cordial co-operation with the *Divine* Being, in accomplishing its objects; one of which, and an illustrious one too, is the establishment of the UNIVERSAL REIGN OF THE MESSIAH ON THE EARTH.

To induce your co-operation, particularly with respect to those Pagan tribes who are within the reach of your exertion, shall be the object of the present meditation. And, O may God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, give efficacy to the motives which may be presented!

In entering on this discourse, I might show, were it necessary, that the influence of Christianity, on the temporal as well as eternal interests of mankind, is more benign than Paganism.—But it is not necessary. Yo know by experience the benignity of the one, and were it possible to describe but half the malignity of the other, there is not a wretch in Christendom, who, affected at the contrast, would not exclaim, *the lines*

have fallen to me in pleasant places, I have a goodly heritage. Waving further remarks on the benignity of the Messiah's reign on the earth, let me direct your attention to,

ITS CERTAINTY.

The kingdoms of this world will assuredly become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Had Ezekiel entertained but a trembling hope, that the dry bones which spread the valley before him might possibly be reanimated, the force of humanity alone would have impelled him to prophesy over them. I look on yonder wilderness, the abode of wretched Pagans. This to me is a valley of dry bones. But I do not ask, "can they live?" I know they can. Yes! O my God, I know it because thou hast spoken it.—Do you enquire where God hath spoken this? You shall hear.

Thus saith the Lord, "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose. Princes shall come out of Egypt, Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God. He shall judge among the nations, and they shall beat their swords into plough shares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Delightful prospect! Then shall the bow of war be unbent, and the arrow of death loosed from

its string. Then shall the huntsman, attracted by the sound of salvation, relinquish the pleasures of the chase, and the hoary warrior, touched by sovereign grace, shall lose his wonted cruelty ; and turning from conquest with the benignity of heaven on his countenance, consecrate to charity the spoils he had taken, and, bowing, lay his tomahawk and scalping-knife as a trophy at the foot of Jesus. For saith the Lord, " It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to the gentiles that thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth."

I repeat, Christians, in your hearing, these declarations of God, and by repeating them I furnish you with evidence more incontestable that the end for which you labour will not ultimately be defeated, than I could furnish to the husbandman, from the analogy of nature and the experience of ages, that the end for which he labours will not.

The husbandman, however encouraged by the uncertain prospect of success, sows his seed and waits, in hope, the reward of harvest. The reward for which he waits may fail : but your reward cannot——There must be a harvest of souls—a harvest immense and universal. The veracity of God is pledged to this effect. This pledge secures unalterably the event. The seasons may be interrupt-

ed in their course, the figtree may cease to blossom, and the fruit of the olive fail—the flocks may be cut off from the fold and no herd remain in the stall—nay the earth itself may dissolve and the heavens, wrapped in flames, pass away; but the purpose of God cannot fail—his promise uncomplished cannot pass away. Resting the certainty of the Messiah's reign on the testimony of God, direct your attention to,

ITS PERPETUITY.

The homage which Jesus Christ is ultimately to receive from all nations, will not, like that paid him when entering Jerusalem, expire on the lips of those who offer it.

Man, the being of a day, is prone to consider the thoughts of God as his own thoughts, and the ways of God as his own ways. To the narrow sphere in which he moves, and to the short duration in which he exists, he confines his attention, and if all that inspiration promises is not instantly accomplished, he becomes impatient of delay and yields to infidelity. But the divine plan, whatever the thoughts of mortals may be concerning it, has dimensions, a length and breadth which cannot be measured; and to that eternal Being who formed this plan, however incomprehensible the position may be to mortals, *one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.*

A want of attention to these truths, a predisposition to reduce the designs of Providence to hum-

ble human limits, has been, to the enemies of revelation, a pregnant source of objection, and to the friends of revelation a source of error and calamity.

It was a prevalent opinion, even among the immediate disciples of Jesus, that the dispensation of grace was then closing, and that the end of all things sublunary was, literally, at hand. Happy would it have been if a sentiment so derogatory to the Redeemer of mankind had expired with those who lived to see the first dawnings only of that day whose brightness has not even yet beamed on the world. But it did not expire with them; it was handed down in the church, and ultimately became so general that public concernments were neglected and private pursuits suspended.

The practical refutation of this preposterous doctrine, which the lapse of succeeding ages furnished, at length produced a change in sentiment. And Christians are now, perhaps generally, united in the opinion that the Messiah is yet to reign *a thousand years* on the earth.

This opinion gives a very different aspect to the present state of things, and furnishes no inconsiderable relief to the dark and dismal picture, which this world would othewise present. How different still will be the entire view, should it appear in the sequel, that the thousand years of peace, promised to the church, are prophetic years, and denote, not a single millenary, but a vast duration. Cheering hope! And may we safely indulge it? *To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not*

according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.

It, that is the seed of the woman, *shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.* This laconic declaration contains the first intimation of a Redeemer, and the terms suggest that his injury will be trifling, and his triumph complete and glorious—terms which ill comport with the idea that the duration of the reign of his adversary on the earth is to be six times as long as the duration of his own reign.

In the œconomy of redemption, four thousand years are spent in preparing the way for the introduction of Messiah, the birth of Christ. Two thousand more, in vanquishing his enemies, and fixing the boundaries of his empire—an empire which is to endure but a thousand years! Satan triumph in this world six thousand years, Jesus Christ one! Is this consonant to the dictates of reason, or the analogy of Providence? Above all, is it consonant to the word of God?

The types which prefigure, and the prophecies which foretel the kingdom of righteousness, attach vastness to the idea of its duration—a vastness in comparison with which the intervening ages of sin and sorrow sink to nothing, and are annihilated.

"All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom

is the Lord's, and he is the Governor among the nations. For evil doers shall be cut off, and those that wait upon the Lord they shall inherit the earth." And when shall the evil doers be cut off? The prophet shall answer this question. "For yet a LITTLE WHILE and the wicked shall not be, yea, thou shall diligently consider his place and it shall not be. But the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." And how long shall the meek inherit the earth? Again the prophet shall answer. *The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein* FOR EVER.*

The prevalence of the wicked, which has continued from the time of the prophet until the present time, and which has still the appearance of further continuance, in his estimation was a momentary prevalence, *a little while.* Whereas the subsequent prevalence of the righteous is declared to be *abiding for ever.* The terms here made use of are relative, and if they convey any idea, it is of comparative duration. If then, in the language of the prophet, *a little while* denotes several thousands of years, *for ever* must denote a period vastly longer.

You will recollect the memorable vision of Daniel, in which an emblematical representation of future events was furnished him.† Unable to comprehend the meaning of the vision, he asks and obtains an

*Psalm xxii. Also Psalm xxxvii. † See Dan. vii.

explanation. He is told that the four beasts which came up out of the sea, are four kingdoms. That the fourth will be diverse from the rest, and devour the earth. That out of this kingdom ten kings will arise, and that another will arise after them, exalt himself against the most High, and wear out the saints of the most High, who are given into his hand: and how long are they given into his hand? The answer is subjoined: *Until a time, and times, and the dividing of time.* But he who gave the explanation adds, "The judgment shall sit and they shall take away his dominion, and the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the most High," who "shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom." And how long shall they possess the kingdom? Again the answer is subjoined, *For ever, even for ever and ever.**

Here also, the comparative duration of the triumph of the righteous and wicked on the earth is brought into view, and the terms made use of are such as to lead to the same conclusion as in the preceding passages. Indeed if the terms here adopted do not express vast duration, I know of no terms by which this could have been expressed.

The power spoken of in Daniel, into whose hand the saints are delivered, is again spoken of in the

* Dan. vii. 18.

revelation of John, and again their sufferings under this power are described. Here also these sufferings are limited to *a time, and times, and half a time*, or as it is elsewhere expressed to *a thousand two hundred and three score days.* Whereas the subsequent triumph of the righteous is expressly declared to continue *a thousand years.*

Could we have any doubt concerning the comparative duration of two periods, expressed in the same book, the one by *twelve hundred and sixty days*, the other by A THOUSAND YEARS, it should seem that *that* doubt must vanish when we consider the terms *a little while* and *for ever*, by which these same periods are also expressed; *a little while* being clearly explanatory of *twelve hundred and sixty days*, and *for ever* of *a thousand years.*

In the language of prophecy, a day is frequently put for a year. Thus we interpret the *time, and times, and the dividing of time*, which occurs in Daniel. Thus we interpret the *forty and two months*, which occurs in Revelation, and, not to mention other passages, thus we interpret the *thousand two hundred and three score days*, which also occurs in Revelation. And why should we doubt whether the same construction is to be put on *a thousand years*, used to denote the reign of Jesus Christ; whose reign, if the same interpretation be adopted, which is adopted in determining the reign of his adversary, will continue three hundred and sixty thousand years. Such a kingdom rises as we contemplate it, into an importance which gives mean-

ing to the epithets which the inspired writers apply to it. Such a kingdom may well be said to be an *everlasting kingdom*, and to endure *for ever*. And with reference to this kingdom, if such be its duration, the triumph of the wicked, though continuing for ages, is justly termed short, *a little while*.

Whether *a thousand years*, when applied to the reign of Messiah, means precisely three hundred and sixty thousand years, or some vast, though indefinite period, I will not here attempt to determine. But, however this phrase is interpreted, to me it appears evident, that the scope of prophecy requires that it be so interpreted as to give to his reign a duration, in comparison with which, all preceding reigns will appear transitory and unimportant.

It is not improbable that the constitution of this world, and the laws by which it is governed, were originally adapted to its final destination, and that instead of being arrested in the beginning of its course, and destroyed in the midst of its glory, it will be spared till the one is finished, and the other departed.

What reason intimates, revelation renders certain. Says David, "Of old thou hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt en-

dure; yea all of them shall wax old like a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them and they shall be changed."*

Says Isaiah, "Lift up your eyes to the heavens and look upon the earth beneath, for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment."

Says Paul, "And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thine hands, they shall perish, but thou remainest: and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed."

The similitude so often repeated in these passages is drawn from a very familiar object, and, concerning the idea which the repetition of it suggests, there can be no doubt. How a garment waxes old, is worn out, and becomes unfit for use, you all know. As doth a garment, so God declares heaven and earth shall wax old. And till they have so waxen old they cannot be destroyed. They must first be despoiled of their beauty, marked with the lines, and palsied by the influence of age.

That the present system is not to be eternal, philosophy as well as revelation asserts. Deep in its nature are implanted principles of decay, and the laws which govern it are hastening on its end. The

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* See Psalm cii. Isa. li. Heb. i.

sun is burning out its splendors—subterranean fires are consuming the bowels of the earth; the planets are known, by an examination of ancient eclipses, to be converging; and the sage perceives distinctly in the movements of nature, a constant and solemn advance towards that dreadful catastrophe, of which revelation pre-admonishes the saint.

But though these concessions are made, and tho' it is also conceded, as Peter asserts, that great changes have already taken place, it does not appear that those heavens and this earth, which, after the lapse of six thousand years, still display so much magnificence, and shine in so much glory, will, in little more than a thousand years, have *grown old as doth a garment*, and become unfit for use. Till this, however, shall be the case, this earth will continue the residence of the righteous, who, according to divine promise, are to dwell in it, in peace, *for ever*—to all generations, even *as long as the sun and moon endureth*.

What ideas does this article give us of the designs of Deity in creation and redemption! How august appears the character, how complete the victory of Jesus! Where once stood his cross now stands his throne. And the same world which once saw the transitory triumph of his adversary, now sees his own abiding triumph, and pays to his divinity a perpetual homage. This glorious period the death of Christ principally respects. All previous conquests are unimportant. Those sub-

dued by his grace during six thousand years, will be few compared with the number who shall crown his final triumph. How great that number will be I dare not even conjecture. But, though I dare not, I love to agitate the question—to recount the hundred and forty and four thousand—to contemplate, and to become absorbed, in that great multitude of the redeemed, from among all nations, a multitude which no man can number.

True; misery will continue, and abiding examples of the consequences of apostacy will for ever furnish to the universe an awful *memento.* But these examples will be comparatively few, and this misery will be comparatively small; and infinitely more than counterbalanced by the superabounding happiness of myriads of myriads without number, and without end, who, entering on a blessed immortality, shall throng the courts, and fill the house of God.

You see, Christians, the extent and the perpetuity of the Messiah's reign—a reign which is to be introduced

BY HUMAN EXERTIONS.

As in the natural, so in the moral world, visible and intermediate agents effectuate the designs of the unseen first cause. The piety, and the prayers of Asa produced in Israel a memorable reformation. Jehoshaphat, inspired by the example of a venerable father, extended and perpetuated the heaven approved work. And when under a suc-

cession of guilty princes Judah became corrupted, Jehoiada, the priest, espousing the cause of expiring virtue, rescued from perdition that apostate tribe.

From the Jewish turn your attention to the Christian church, the era of whose commencement was emphatically the era of miracles. Ere an age had elapsed, the reign of Messiah was extended from India to Ethiopia, from Sythia to Britain. And how was it extended? Apostles were ordained, evangelists commissioned, and sent forth the advocates of the cross, conquering, and to conquer. The facts they attested were believed; the opinions they inculcated were adopted, and thousands, in every country, and of every age, recognized the promised Messiah, and paid a willing homage to the son of God.

From this bright period, pass on to that dark and dismal epoch, when authority prevailed against reason, and superstition triumphed over virtue. A glorious reformation is again to be effected: and again illustrious advocates of righteousness are raised up, by whose efforts the kingdom of error is shaken, and by whose light the city of God is made glad. In one word, wherever Christianity hath been extended—in Europe—in Asia—in Africa—it hath been extended through the intervention of human agency.

Late indeed, and with a feeble sound, has the gospel jubilee been published to the wandering

native, in these ends of the earth. And yet, even here, the publication has not been vain. From among the savage tribes, which once inhabited these shores, evangelists, commissioned by our pious fathers, won many souls, as the seals of their ministry, and the crown of their rejoicing. These souls were the first fruits of a more abundant and glorious harvest. And if the first fruits have been gathered by the use of means, can it be a question how the residue are to be gathered?—That they are to be gathered, in some way, does not admit of a doubt.——I have read you from the records of eternity, the CHARTER of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. A charter that covers all nations, extends over every clime, and comprehends the islands of every sea. That wilderness, inhabited by savages, belongs to Jesus; it is his husbandry, and in spite of *Hell*, he will one day gather its precious fruits.

Open your eyes, Christians, for the fields are already white to harvest. Wherefore double your exertions, and, looking up to God, pray him to send forth labourers into his harvest.

No new method of salvation is to be expected. Converts to Christianity, have been made by the exertions of the saints, in time past, and thus will converts be made in time to come. Hence, to the original commission, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature*, were added those memorable words of Christ, *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*——Be-

hold the presence of Jesus accompanies his ambassadors, "And it shall come to pass, that whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord, shall be saved." But how shall benighted pagans, "call on him, in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" And I may add, who shall send them, if Christians will not? Christians, who have tasted the love of God, and felt the power of the world to come.

IN SUCH AN UNDERTAKING, TO SUCCEED WILL BE GLORIOUS.

On this article, no one, who either knows, the blessings of christianity, or appreciates the worth of souls, can entertain a doubt. Every enterprise tending to meliorate the condition of man, reflects glory on its author. How many individuals have rendered themselves illustrious, and immortal, by deeds of charity. But if benevolence appears divine, when visiting the prisoner's dungeon, and ministering around the sick man's couch, how must she appear, when entering unsolicited, an inhospitable wilderness, enquiring for the habitations of the wretched, and bearing to the unknown sufferers the cup of heavenly consolation?

If to shed on the ignorant the light of science, and restore to the oppressed the joys of liberty, be magnanimous, by what words shall we express

their magnanimity, whose zeal pours on the valley of death the light of salvation, and restores to the souls whom satan has enslaved, the privileges of the sons of God ?

Christians, can you conceive of any thing more glorious, than extending the blessings of Christianity to those tribes of wretched pagans who dwell upon your borders ?

You admit the object glorious : but the difficulties of attaining it discourage you.—What difficulties ? Can the ingenuity of statesmen, or the infidelity of Christians, suggest difficulties insuperable to GOD ? Are there any intricacies in the way which OMNISCIENCE cannot trace ? Or mountains which OMNIPOTENCE cannot sink ?

You say the natives are indolent, vicious, abandoned to drunkenness, passionately fond of the pleasures of the chase, impatient of restraint, and utterly averse, not to the purity of the gospel only, but also to the restraints of civilized life.—We admit this statement. They are indeed subjects every way unpromising. But let it be remembered, that the dry bones, over which Ezekiel prophesied, were no less so. And yet these heard and lived. And who knows, but those also may hear and live ?

There are always difficulties to be encountered when reformation is the object. And there always must be, while human nature remains perverse. Do

you imagine, however, that these difficulties excuse you from exertions ?—Had Asa reasoned thus, Israel had not been reclaimed. Had the Apostles reasoned thus, Holland, Germany, and Britain, countries which gave birth to our pious ancestry, had remained, to this day, ignorant of the gospel and its benefits. Had the Apostles reasoned thus, you, whom I address as children of the light, and partakers of the liberty of the sons of God, would now have been enveloped in impenetrable darkness, and bound in accursed chains.—And in place of thee, venerable house of God; of you, holy altars,—Ministers of grace and witnesses of Jesus, with which I am surrounded, mine eyes had beheld a Pagan temple, cruel altars, priests stained with blood, and worshippers paying homage unto idols.——But they did not reason thus. No; blessed be God! they did not. And yet their difficulties, in diffusing the knowledge of the Savior, far exceeded ours.

In proof of this assertion shall I call back the scenes of apostolic sufferings? Shall I retrace those paths covered with the bodies, and stained with the blood, of the witnesses of Jesus ? Shall I lead you to the confessor's dungeon, to the martyr's stake, and point to fires, and racks, and gibbets, means of cruelty and instruments of torture till now unknown?——In addition to the obstinacy of those whom they sought to Christianize, such were the difficulties with which the early friends of the Redeemer struggled.

Both Jews and Gentiles obstructed their course, and counteracted their influence. Emperors persecuted, and princes combined to crush them. But they combined in vain. Their love for Christ was stronger than death, and floods of ungodliness could not quench it. In prison and in exile; on the scaffold, and from the cross, salvation was published, and multitudes were converted.

Such were the exertions, and such the success of the primitive saints. And if our motives were as pure, and our exertions as vigorous, who knows but our success would be as great?

This, however, is not the ground on which I rest the argument. I dare not promise you immediate success. I know that the reign of Messiah will come, because God hath said it. But whether it will come in your day, and be introduced by your exertions, I know not.

Instead, therefore, of encouraging you by such assurances, I propose a consideration of a different kind—a consideration, which must subvert every objection which avarice or infidelity can suggest; it is this:

That to fail after having made sincere endeavors in so good a cause, will be glorious.

Zechariah did not succeed in reforming Israel, but fell between the porch and the altar. He fell, however, covered with glory, and his name stands conspicuous on the list of martyrs. Wickliff did not succeed in rending the veil of Papal superstí-

tion, and yet the attempt added celebrity to his life, and in the bosom of the church embalmed his memory. But why do I mention these instances! Jesus Christ himself did not succeed in his mission to the Jews. But though Israel were *not gathered, yet* was he *glorious in the eyes of the Lord*, and in the eyes of all his people.

There are those who exclaim, whenever the salvation of the heathen is proposed, *There is a Lion in the way.* And were it so, this would not diminish the propriety, nor would even failure mar the glory of the attempt.

The interposition of the Son of God in behalf of sinners, is the highest act of benevolence that the universe ever saw. Redemption by the cross —how admirable, how passing admiration. Creation assumes fresh loveliness, and the Creator shines in brighter glories wherever it is published. What then must be the glory of its publishers? What their glory who contribute to its publication.

God, from his throne, beholds not a nobler character on his footstool, than the fervent missionary, the man, who inspired with zeal, and burning with love, bids adieu to his friends, abandons his comfort, and his home, braves the perils of the deep, encounters hunger and thirst, and nakedness, and persevering through dangers and deaths, proclaims the Savior to those who know him not.

Yes! venerable messengers of salvation, who preach Christ in deserts, and publish *glad tidings* on the islands of distant seas, we admire your zeal; we emulate your virtue, and by contributing to the object in which you are engaged, would become partakers in your glory; and partakers we shall be if we truly aspire to it.——In the estimation of heaven our services are appreciated, not by the good we accomplish, but the sincerity, the strength, and constancy of our exertions.

Cease, then, Christians to object; act worthy of yourselves, and remember, that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many unto righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."

Convinced of your duty, do you ask how, situated at a distance, as you are, you can contribute to the alleviation of Pagan misery? How?

By your prayers. God hath promised that the Gentiles shall be gathered in. He is hastening to accomplish what he hath promised, and yet for this will he "be enquired of by the house of Israel." Wherefore, "ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

By your property. To Christianize the heathen, as well as to succour your destitute brethren on the frontiers, missionaries must be sent to them; these

missionaries will be the channels of your kindness. But missionaries cannot be maintained by prayers; you must give of your property: without this, your prayers will be unavaling. Curst be that charity which says to the hungry, be ye fed; to the naked, be ye cloathed, and to Pagans be ye saved, and relieves them not.

Here then I come to the conclusion of this discourse. Your love for Jesus, your concern for souls, is now to be tested by your contributions for their relief.

The Savior could easily furnish means for this, from his own resources.—He could command the heavens to supply the ambassadors of his grace with bread, and the flinty rock to furnish them with water. But, *it is more blessed to give than to receive.* This the Savior knows, and having, in the profusion of his goodness, loaded you with treasure, he condescends to ask, and to receive from you, a part of that treasure: and this he does, not that *He* needs it, but that you may have an opportunity of likening yourselves to God by the imitation of his sublime munificence, who delights in doing good, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.

In this light I place the subject. And now O my God, what more shall I say? Can the unfeeling heart of man contemplate miseries the most extreme, and not be moved?—From the hill of Zion, beaming with light, and smiling with life,

let me direct your view to the vale of darkness, and the shadow of death.

Yonder are the Pagans. Friends of humanity, O that I could describe to you!—cold, naked, famished, friendless; roaming the desert, burning with revenge, and thirsting for blood.—

Yonder are the Pagans. Friends of Immanuel, O that I could describe them to you, assembled on the ground of enchantment, practising the delusions of witchcraft, insulting the heavens by the sacrifice of dogs, and paying their impious adorations at the shrines of devils!

From these profane devotions, the hoary warrior retires. His steps totter with age, he reaches the threshold of his hut, and sinks beneath infirmities, on the cold earth, his bed of death. No sympathizing friend partakes in his misery, no filial hand is stretched out for his relief. The wife of his youth has forsaken him,—his daughters are carried captive, —his sons have been slain in battle. Exhausted with sufferings, and weary of life, he turns his eye upon the grave. But the grave to him is dark and silent. Not a whisper of comfort is heard from its caverns, or a beam of light glitters on its gloom.——Here the curtain drops, time ceases, eternity begins: Mighty God, how awful is the scene which follows! But I dare not attempt to lift the vail that covers it. A moment since, and this immortal soul was within the reach of prayer: now its destiny is fixed, and just, eternal Sovereign! are thy decisions. From that bourn beyond which

submission is our only duty, turn again to the living world, where your prayers and exertions may be availing.

Is there a father in this assembly, who, high in the hopes of heaven, brings his infant offspring to these altars, and places them by faith in the arms of Jesus? I plead in behalf of fathers who have never heard of heaven, and whose offspring have no Savior.

Is there a mother in this assembly, blessed by the affection of her husband, and solaced by the smiles of her daughters? I plead in behalf of mothers, whose husbands are tyrants, and whose daughters are slaves.

Could I believe, that dead to the stranger's sufferings, you needed kindred objects to awaken your sympathy, and open your hearts to charity, I would here direct your attention to the frontier settlements, and beseech you by the strength of parental affection, by the tenderness of fraternal love, though deaf to our intreaties for the Pagans, at least to hear us in behalf of Christians, of your children, your brethren, your kindred with whom you once took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company: but who, now removed far from the pleasant habitations of Zion, without a temple and without an altar, wander in the deserts of Hermon, and pour out their complaints on the hill of Mizar, "How amiable are thy taberna-

cles O Lord of hosts. My soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

But I will not believe that you are dead to the strangers sufferings. I blend therefore the interests of Pagans with the interest of your kindred. I add together their miseries, and by the vastness of the amount implore your assistance.

In advocating such a cause, the cause of humanity, the cause of Emmanuel, you will pardon my importunity. What am I saying? Would to God I were capable of being as importunate as the cause I advocate demands. O that I could infuse into my words the ardor which I feel. But I cannot. Ah ye wretched aliens from the commonwealth of Israel; ye strangers from the covenants of promise, who have no hope and are without God in the world, my heart melts within me at the recollection of your danger, and my mind fills with motives to charity too big for utterance.

Brethren, have you sufficiently considered the duration of eternity? have you duly appreciated the value of the soul? if not, pause,——In the name of God, I adjure you, pause, and reflect on both, before you bring your offerings to the altar. The narrow isthmus which intervenes between you and the world of spirits, is already sinking: presently death will have swallowed it up for ever! Let your thoughts carry you beyond it; lose yourselves in the immensity of those ages which have

no end.—Ages which the soul inherits, and during which its powers encrease, its capacity of happiness and misery expands, and expands, and expands, till, (overwhelming thought,) it is capable of enjoying the joys, or of suffering the miseries of a *world.*

Such souls those probationers possess, in whose behalf I now address you. To that eternity, with which your minds are filled, they are hastening. *Before they launch into it,* look up to heaven, and see the preparations grace is making, and the glory to which grace is waiting to receive them; the crown of life—the presence of God in which there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

Before they launch into it, look down to hell, and see the punishments with which justice threatens them; take one deep and solemn view of that fire, which is never quenched, and of that worm, in the midst of it, which never dies! Ah me, what a spectacle of woe! venting unavailing cries to a devouring flame, and pouring out vain complaints to an unpitying dungeon; which, when the sufferer asks, How long? echoes back, ETERNITY. Ages heaped on ages intervene; again the sufferer asks, How long? and again is echoed back *Eternity!*

Before they launch into it, go to Calvary, approach the cross, listen to the groans, and fill your minds with the idea of the great Emmanuel agonizing on it.

Then estimate the value of those souls by the grandeur of the victim slain for their redemption, and having made the estimation, and before you leave the cross, say, will you suffer them to perish through neglect.

Perhaps, by our charities this evening, we shall reclaim some profligate—perhaps we may convert one Pagan, and should we *one*, (my heart burns within me while I make the supposition,) who among us will begrudge the pittance he has given ? Let me indulge the thought—a convert made by the charities of this evening—no matter whether an Albion, an Ethiopian, or an Indian—no matter from what ancestry descended, in what rites instructed, or by what principles of vice corrupted ; and tell me, O believer, what will your emotions be, when entering the world of spirits, and opening your eyes on the redeemed of all nations, you shall see among them, one soul whom your charity hath saved ? What will your emotions be, when that soul, first of all, shall fly to your embrace, and welcome your arrival ? What, when conducting you to the throne of *eternal majesty*, and in the presence of that *Divinity*, which sits upon it, he shall say, " To this man, under thee great Emmanuel, am I indebted for this crown of life, which glitters on my head, and this palm of victory, which blossoms in my hand." Moment of unutterable extacy ! Angels, could Angels covet, might emulate your bliss, and sigh to become partakers in it.

But great as the joy of this moment is, it is not greater than will be the glory which follows it. To the man who had saved the life of a Roman citizen, was presented the *civic crown*, the highest of earthly honors : but of what *insignia* shall he be accounted worthy, who has saved a soul from death, and restored a citizen to heaven ? I cannot answer this interrogation ! and I exult at the idea that I cannot ; because my inability to give an answer, results from the sublimity of those symbols in which the answer is contained.

But I will not confine my hopes to a single individual. Our charity may do more, it may reclaim many profligates ; it may convert many Pagans ; these may reclaim and convert others, and these again, in their turn, may continue to reclaim and to convert : and thus the benevolence of a single Christian assembly, collected from different denominations, but actuated by the spirit of their common Master, may be extended to distant countries, and operate benignly on succeeding generations, till the kingdom of Christ shall come.

This kingdom, Christians, is at hand, let us anticipate its glory ; let us fill our minds with ideas of its duration and extent ; let us endeavour to hasten its approach ; let us invite by our charities and our prayers, the Savior from the skies ; let us show that we are willing to receive him on the earth, and, placing on his altar the humble means which we are able to furnish, for advancing his interest,

with one general burst of passion, that shall fill the heavens, and reach the place where His Glory dwelleth, let us say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."————I pause, not because the subject is exhausted, for it expands, and expands, as I contemplate it—not because I fear that an auditory of Christians can already be weary of such a contemplation; but the delightful duty of charity remains to be performed, and I pause that I may give place to the performance of it.

Brethren, the vast objects which the plan of redeeming love contemplates, are now before you, and you are about to contribute to carry that plan into further execution. Before you cast your gifts into the treasury, permit me to propose a single interrogatory: It is not whether the objects be important? your hearts testify that they are so. Neither is it, how much you *now* feel as if you could afford to give? but how much, at the day of judgment, standing at the bar of Jesus, eternity spread out before you, the grandeur of the world perished, and not a vestige of all that you once possessed, except the charities you may have laid up in heaven, remaining—then when the loans made unto the poor, for which God became responsible, are repaying—when the poor widow, approaching, receives for her two mites, infinite remuneration, and to the disciple, who gave but a cup of water, because he had no more to give, is awarded an inheritance among the saints—then, when looking back in thought on this evening, which furnished

such a glorious opportunity for evincing your love to Jesus, and signalizing yourselves by deeds of charity; *How much will you wish that you had given?* To conscience I appeal—to the day of judgment I refer you. Exhibit now the liberality you will then approve, and reprobate now the parsimony you will then condemn.

Yes, in the light of that day, as if earth were already dissolved, the heavens departed, and the judgment seat of Christ erected, let each according to his ability, and with reference to the whole amount, so desirable to raise, make an apportionment.

Let the mechanic say how much of the scanty fruits of his labour, he will consecrate to succor destitute settlements—how much to send missionaries to the Pagans. Let the merchant, whose wealth flows from a thousand sources, and whose property floats on distant seas, say how much of the profits of his trade. Let the advocate at the bar, say how much of his fees. Let the minister of the altar say how much of his salary. Let the magistrate say how much of the income of his office. Let the man, whose dwelling has just been consumed, say how much of the remnant of his property, which was raked from the ashes.*—And the man, whose dwelling has

* A few days before the sermon was delivered, about thirty buildings were consumed by fire, in Philadelphia, and liberal contributions have just been made for the relief of the sufferers.

been preserved, when flames encircled and cinders covered it—the man, who hath passed, literally, with his family and fortune through the fire, and it hath not kindled on him, let him say how much of that fortune he will consecrate as a testimony of his charity, and an expression of his faith in God.

Were I addressing an auditory unaccustomed to feel for human misery, whose stinted pity was cruel, and the stream of whose charity congealed as it flowed, after the repeated calls upon your bounty, which have been made the last week, I should despair of success, but I am not addressing such an auditory; though a stranger, I am not ignorant that Philadelphia, like that primitive city whose name it bears, is famed for deeds of mercy. With unutterable emotions, I have visited yonder consecrated grounds, on which stand assylums for the poor, and the wretched—ILLUSTRIOUS MONUMENTS, which your charity has erected—monuments, not like the pyramids of Egypt, which cherished a vain, self-glory; not like the temples of Greece, which fostered a cruel superstition, but left at their threshold, the unpitied sufferer to converse with sighs, and tears, and wretchedness, and death.

And can it be that the tender mercies of such an auditory are exhausted? Have you, then nothing more to lend to Jesus Christ: have you no longer any alms to bestow on your suffering brethren, and shall I tell them you have not; shall I recall

the missionaries you have sent them, and extinguish the hopes with which your former charities have inspired them? Shall I pronounce on the savages their doom, shall I say to the Pagan, just emerging from the gloom of nature, and directing his steps toward the hill of life, GO BACK INTO YOUR FOREST, COVER AGAIN YOUR ALTAR WITH VICTIMS, MUTTER YOUR NIGHTLY ORISONS TO THE STARS, AND BE SATISFIED WITH THE VAIN HOPE OF THE COUNTRY BEYOND THE HILLS? Are these the sentiments of Christians—Christians, whose hearts have been softened by redeeming love, whose immortal hopes rest on sovereign mercy, and whose unceasing song, through eternal ages will be, grace, rich grace. I was going to add, but the presence of that august personage, whose glory fills the place of our devotions, awes me. Open your eyes Christians, and behold God-Emmanuel in this assembly. Redeemer of our souls, who inhabitest eternity, and dwellest in the high and holy place, wherefore art thou present in this temple, made with hands? "I am present that I may witness the strength of the affection which my redeemed bear me—that I may in person record their charities, in that book of life, where their names already are recorded—characters, which I will publish to the universe at judgment, and reward, through eternity, in heaven."

Motives are now unnecessary—a sense of that divinity which overshadows us, melts every heart to love and swells every breast with mercy.

Go, then, ye collectors for the wretched, receive the alms of a people, already moved with pity, and emulous to excel in deeds of charity.

Almighty God, help us so to act on this occasion as shall meet thine approbation, and to thy name shall be the glory in Christ.—*Amen.*

Baccalaureate Addresses.

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO THE

CANDIDATES

FOR THE

BACCALAUREATE,

IN

Union College,

AT THE

ANNIVERSARY COMMENCEMENT

MAY 1st, 1805.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT,

PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

ADDRESS.

YOUNG gentlemen, this day closes your collegiate life. You have continued the term, and completed the course of studies prescribed in this institution. You have received its honors, and are now to go forth adventurers, unsuspecting perhaps, and certainly inexperienced, into a fascinating but illusive world, where honor flaunts in fictitious trappings—where wealth displays imposing charms, and pleasure spreads her impoisoned banquets. And that too, at a period when the passions are most ungovernable, when the fancy is most vivid, when the blood flows rapidly through the veins, and the pulse of life beats high. Already does the opening scene brighten as you approach it, and happiness, smiling but deceitful, passes before your eyes and beckons you to her embrace.

Called to address you, at this affecting crisis, and for the last time, had I, like the patriarch of the east, a blessing at my disposal, how gladly should I bestow it. But I have not: and can therefore only

add, to the solicitude which I feel, my counsel and my prayers.

Permit me to advise you, then, young gentlemen, when you leave this seminary, and even after you shall have chosen a profession, and entered on the business of life, still to consider yourselves only learners. Your acquirements here, though reputable, are the first rudiments merely of an education which must be hereafter pursued and completed. In the acquisition of knowledge you are never to be stationary, but always progressive. Nature has no where said to man, pressing forward in the career of intellectual glory, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further." Under God, therefore, it depends upon yourselves to say, how great—how wise—how useful you will be. Men of moderate talents, by a course of patient application, have often risen to the highest eminence, and standing far above where the momentary sallies of uncultivated genius ever reach, have plucked from the lofty cliff its deathless laurel. Indeed, to the stature of the mind, no boundary is set. Your bodies, originally from the earth, soon reach their greatest elevation, and bend downwards again towards that earth out of which they were taken. But the inner man, that sublime, that rational, that immortal inhabitant which pervades your bosoms, if sedulously fostered, will expand and elevate itself, till touching the earth, it can look above the clouds and reach beyond the stars.

Go, then, and emulous to excel in whatever is splendid, magnanimous and great; with New-

ton, span the heavens, and number and measure the orbs which decorate them—With Locke, analyze the human mind—With Boyle, examine the regions of organic nature. In one word, go; and with the great, and the wise, and the good, of all nations, and all ages, ponder the mysteries of Infinite Wisdom, and trace the Everlasting in his word, and in his works. A wide and unbounded prospect spreads itself before you: in every point of which, DIVINITY shines conspicuous, and on which ever side you turn your enraptured eyes, surrounded with uncreated majesty, and seen in the light of his own glory, GOD appears. He leads the way before you, and sheds radiance on his path, that you may follow him.

Control and subjugate your passions. Originally, order pervaded human nature. The bosom of man was calm—his countenance serene. Reason sat enthroned in his heart, and to her control the passions were subjected. But the days of innocence are past, and with them has also past the reign of reason. Phrensy ensues. He, who was once calm and rational, is now blind and impetuous. A resistless influence impels him. Consequences are disregarded, and madly pressing forward to the object of desire, he exclaims, "My honor, my property, my pleasure;" but is never heard to say, "my religion, my duty, my salvation."*

* See Saurin on the passions.

While reason maintained her empire, the passions were a genial flame, imparting warmth to the system, and gently accelerating the circulation of the blood. But, that empire subverted, they kindle into a VESUVIUS, burning to its centre, and pouring out on every side, its desolating lava. The passions, said an inspired Apostle, war against the soul : And the same Apostle who said this, commands you to overcome them.

Cultivate and cherish the sympathies of your nature. These, though blighted by the apostacy, still retain the tints of faded loveliness, and when sanctified in the heart, and unfolded in the life, even of fallen man, they possess a resistless charm, and furnish some faint idea of what he must have been in a state of innocence.

¶ For the exercise of these sympathies, in all the paths of life, you will meet with pitiable objects who will present their miseries to your eye, and address the moving eloquence of sorrow to your heart. Always listen to this eloquence ; always pity this misery, and, if possible, relieve it. Yes, young gentlemen, whatever seas you may navigate, or to whatever part of the habitable world you may travel, carry with you your humanity. Even there divide your morsel with the destitute ; advocate the cause of the oppressed ; to the fatherless be a father, and cover the shivering limbs of the naked with your mantle. Even there, soothe the disconsolate, sympathise with the mourner, brighten

the countenance bedimed with sorrow, and, like the GOD of mercy, shed happiness around you, and banish misery before you.

In all your intercourse with mankind rigidly practice justice, and scrupulously adhere to truth; other duties vary with varying circumstances. What would be liberality in one man would be parsimony in another. What would be valor on one occasion would be temerity on another. But truth and justice are immutable and eternal principles; always sacred and always applicable. In no circumstances however urgent, no crises however awful, can there be an aberration from the one or a dereliction of the other without sin. With respect to every thing else, be accommodating, but here be unyielding and invincible. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold, than receive in exchange for it liberty and life. Should you ever be called upon to make your election between these extremes, do not hesitate. It is better prematurely to be sent to heaven in honor, than, having lingered on the earth, at last to sink to hell in infamy. In every situation, a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar is still more so.

I have often, young gentlemen, recommended to you, a sacred adherence to truth. I would on this occasion repeat the recommendation, that I may fix it the more indelibly on your hearts. Believe me, when I tell you, that on this article you can never be too scrupulous.

Truth, is one of the fairest attributes of Deity. It is the boundary, which separates vice from virtue —The line, which divides heaven from hell. It is the chain, which binds the man of integrity to the throne of GOD, and like the GOD to whose throne it binds him, till this chain is dissolved, his word may be relied on. Suspended on this, your property, your reputation, your life are safe. But against the malice of a liar, there is no security. He can be bound by nothing. His soul is already repulsed to a returnless distance from that Divinity, a sense of whose presence is the security of virtue. He has sundered the last of those moral ligaments, which bind a mortal to his duty. And having done so, through the extended region of fraud and falsehood, without a bond to check, or a limit to confine him, he ranges, the dreaded enemy of innocence; whose lips pollute even truth itself as it passes through them, and whose breath, like the pestilential mists of Hades, blasts, and soils, and poisons as it touches.

Finally, cherish and practise religion. Man has been called, in distinction from the inferior orders of creation, a religious being, and justly so called. For though his hopes and fears may be repressed, and the moral feelings of his heart stifled for a season, nature, like a torrent which has been obstructed, will break forth and sweep away, those frail barriers which skepticism may have erected to divert its course.

There is something so repulsive in naked infidelity, that the mind approaches it with reluctance, shrinks back from it with horror, and is never settled till it rests on positive religion.

I am aware that *that* spirit of devotion, that sense of guilt and dread of punishment, which pervades the human mind, have been attributed to either the force of habit or the influence of superstition. Let the appeal be made to human nature. To the position of irreligionists on this article, human nature itself furnishes the most satisfactory refutation. Religion is a first principle of man. It shoots up from the very seat of life, it cleaves to the human constitution by a thousand ligaments, it entwines around human nature and sends to the very bottom of the heart its penetrating tendrils. It cannot therefore be exterminated. The experiment has again and again been tried, and the result has always proved worthy of the rash attempt.

Young as you are, you have witnessed, with a view to this extermination, the most desperate efforts. But just now, a formidable host of infuriate infidels were assembled. You heard them openly abjure their GOD. You saw them wreaking their vengeance on religion. For a season they triumphed. Before them every sacred institution disappeared—every consecrated monument fell to dust. The fervors of nature were extinguished, and the lip of devotion palsied by their approach. With one hand, they seized the thunders of the heavens, and with the other, smote HIS throne who inhabits them.

It seemed to crumble at the stroke.—Mounting these fancied ruins, BLASPHEMY waved its terrific sceptre, and impiously looking up to those eternal heights where the Deity resides, exclaimed, "VICTORY!"

Where now are those dreaded enemies of our religion? They have vanished from the sight. They were—but are seen no more. Nor have the consequences of their exertions been more abiding. A great nation indeed, delivered from the restraints of moral obligation, and enfranchised with all the liberties of infidelity, were proclaimed FREE. But have they continued so? No; their minds presently recoiled from the dismal waste which skepticism had opened before them, and the cheerless darkness it had spread around them. They suddenly arrested their step. They retraced, in sadness and sorrow, the paths which they had trodden. They consecrated again the temples they had defiled: they rebuilt the altar they had demolished: they sighed for the return of that religion they had banished, and spontaneously promised submission to its reign.

What are we to infer from this? That religion is congenial to human nature—that it is inseparable from it. A nation may be seduced into skepticism, but it cannot be continued in it. Why, I would ask, has religion existed in the world in ages which are past—why does it exist now—why will it exist in ages to come? Is it because kings have ordained, and priests defended it? No; but because GOD formed man to be religious. Its great and eternal

principles, are inscribed on his heart; they are inscribed in characters which are indelible; nor can the violence of infidelity blot them out. Obscured indeed they may be by the influence of sin, and remain not legible during the rage of passion. But a calm ensues: the calm of reason, or the night of adversity, from the midst of whose darkness, a light proceeds which renders the original inscription visible. Man now turns his eye inward upon himself. He reads "RESPONSIBILITY," and as he reads, he feels a sense of sin and dread of punishment. He now pays from necessity an homage to religion—an homage which cannot be withheld: it is the homage of his nature. We have now traced the effect to its cause, and referred this abiding trait in the human character, to its principle.

The question is, not, then, whether you will embrace religion? Religion you must embrace—but whether you will embrace revealed religion, or that of erring and blind philosophy. And with respect to this question can you hesitate?

The former has infinitely more to recommend it than the latter. It originated in heaven. It is founded, not on conjecture, but on fact. Divinity manifested itself in the person, and shone in the life of its Author. True, he appeared in great humility; but though the humility in which he appeared had been greater than it was, either the sublimity of his doctrines, or the splendor of his actions had been sufficient to evince his Messiahship, and prove that he

was the SAVIOR of the world. He spoke as man never spoke! Whence did he derive wisdom so transcendant? From reason? No; reason could not give it, for it had it not to give. What reason could never teach, the Gospel teaches: that in the vast and perfect government of the universe, vicarious sufferings can be accepted; and that the dread Sovereign, who administers that government, is gracious as well as just. Nor does it rest in declaration merely—It exhibits before our eyes the altar and the victim—the LAMB of GOD, which taketh away the sins of the world.

The introduction of CHRISTIANITY, was called the coming of the kingdom of Heaven. No terms could have been more appropriate;—For through it man shared the mercy, and from it caught the spirit of the heavens. The moral gloom which shrouded the nations, receded before it. The temples of superstition and of cruelty, consecrated by its entrance, became the asylum of the wretched, and resounded with their anthems of grace.

Most benign has been the influence of Christianity, and were it cordially received, and universally submitted to, war would cease; injustice be banished, and primeval happiness revisit the earth. Every inhabitant, pleased with his situation, resigned to his lot, and full of the hopes of heaven, would pass agreeably through life, and meet death without a sigh.

Is the morality of the Gospel pre-eminently excellent? so is its object pre-eminently glorious.

Philosophy, confines its views to this world principally. It endeavors to satisfy man with the groveling joys of earth, till he returns to that dust out of which he was taken. Christianity, takes a nobler flight. Her course is directed towards immortality. Thither she conducts her votary, and never forsakes him, till, having introduced him into the society of angels, she fixes his eternal residence among the spirits of the just.

Philosophy, can only heave a sigh, a longing sigh, after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, over which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing. Above—beneath—around—is an unfathomable void; and doubt, uncertainty, or despair, are the result of all her enquiries.

Christianity, on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm and undaunted step, crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity which borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark, dreary region brightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it.—Faith follows where she advances; till reaching the summit of everlasting hills, an unknown scene, in endless varieties of loveliness and beauty, presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders, without a cloud to dim, or a limit to obstruct its sight. In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the city—the palace—the THRONE of GOD appears. Trees of life wave their ambrosial tops around it; rivers of salva-

tion issue from beneath it. Before it, angels touch their harps of living melody, and saints, in sweet response, breathe forth to the listening heavens their grateful songs. The breezes of Paradise waft the symphony, and the bending sky directs it to the earth. The redeemed of the LORD, catch the distant sound, and feel a sudden rapture. 'Tis the voice of departed Friendship—friendship, the loss of which they mourn upon the earth, but which they are now assured will be restored in the heavens: from whence a voice is heard to say, "Fear not ye, death cannot injure you; the grave cannot confine you: through its chill mansion, GRACE will conduct you up to glory. We wait your arrival—haste, therefore, come away." All this Christianity will do for you. It will do more than this: It consecrates the sepulchre, into which your bodies, already touched by death, will presently descend. There, mouldered into dust, your flesh shall rest in HOPE. Nor will the season of its humiliation last for ever. Christianity, faithful to her trust, appears for its redemption. She approaches, and stands before the tomb: She stretches out her sceptre and smites the sepulchre—Its moss-grown covering rends assunder, She cries to the silent inhabitants within it—Her energizing voice echoes along the cold, damp vaults of death, renovating skin and bones, and dust and putrefaction.—Corruption puts on incorruption, and mortal immortality. Her former habitation, thus refined and sublimated by the resurrection, the exulting soul reenters, and thenceforth the measure of her joy is full. . . . . .

Here thought and language fail me. Inspiration itself describes the glories of futurity by declaring them indescribable. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which are prepared for the people of GOD.—What ideas are these! How must the soul exult at the prospect, and swell with the amazing conception!

As Christianity exhibits the most enrapturing motives to the practice of virtue, so it urges the most tremendous considerations to deter from vice. She declares, solemnly and irrevocably declares, "That the wages of sin are DEATH." And to enforce her declaration, points to the concluding scene of nature: When, amidst a departing heaven and a dissolving world, the SON of MAN shall descend, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of GOD, to be glorified in his saints and take vengeance on his enemies!

Such is the Gospel...and here I rest my observations.....At this affecting crisis, my beloved pupils, THIS GOSPEL I deliver you. It is the most invaluable gift; and I solemnly adjure you, to preserve it inviolate for ever. To whatever part of GOD's creation you may wander, carry this with you. Consult it in prosperity; resort to it in trouble; shield yourselves with it in danger, and rest your fainting head on it in death.

More efficacious than the fabled "ring of Amurath," it consecrates its keeper; preserves his life, and eternizes his memory. While you prize and preserve

this gift, which I now entrust to you, your happiness is secure. The world may be convulsed around you, the elements dissolve, and the heavens depart, still your happiness is secure.....But should you ever, in an hour of rashness, be tempted to cast it from you; remember, that with it, you cast away SALVATION. 'Tis the last hope of sinful, dying man. This gone...all is lost! Immortality is lost—and lost also is the soul which might otherwise have inherited and enjoyed it. Under these impressions, go forth into the world—and may GOD go with you.

Committing you to his care, and with a heart full of parental solicitude for your welfare, I bid you an affectionate and final FAREWELL.

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO THE

CANDIDATES

FOR THE

BACCALAUREATE,

IN

Union College,

AT THE

ANNIVERSARY COMMENCEMENT

JULY 30th, 1806.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

AN

ADDRESS.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

MOST affecting to a parent is the moment when his children, commencing masters of their fortune, leave their paternal home and enter on the world. The disasters which may dissipate their property, the temptations which may corrupt their virtue, and the maladies which may assail their persons present themselves in clusters to his eye and crowd upon his mind. Were it possible, gladly would he accompany, counsel and direct them on their way. But it is not possible. He can, therefore, only vent his full heart in benedictions, and looking up to GOD, commit the inexperienced adventurers to HIS care.

Parting with a class endeared to me by a course of the most filial and affectionate conduct, my situation and my feelings resemble those of a parent parting with his children.

Dear pupils ;—Thus far your instructors have accompanied and directed you in your studies and pursuits. But the time of separation has arrived —we have reached the point where our ways divide. Before we part, indulge a word of counsel, the last to be communicated by him who now addresses you.

The end that each of you has in view is HAPPINESS. To be informed, before hand, of the course that will conduct to it, must be infinitely important. Because, should you mistake the means, with however much ardor and constancy you may pursue the end, your efforts will be vain and your future experience prove but the sad disappointment of your present hopes. How then may success be ensured ; what manner of life will conduct to happiness ? To answer this interrogation, the character of man must be developed, his constitution analyzed, his capacities of enjoyment ascertained and the correspondencies between those capacities and their respective objects developed.

What then is man ? Man is a being in whom are mysteriously combined a sensible and intellectual and a moral nature : each of which should be kept in view in the present inquiry, and the comparative claims of each should be considered in making a decision.

You have been told by an author, more esteemed for the benevolence of his heart than the profoundness of his doctrines, " *that human happiness does*

not consist in the pleasures of sense, in whatever variety or profusion they may be enjoyed." It is true that human happiness does not consist exclusively or principally in these. The senses, however, are a real source of enjoyment, nor would I wish you either to despise or undervalue them. The God of nature has not thought it derogatory to his wisdom, his goodness or his sanctity to bestow on you this class of enjoyments, and surely it cannot be derogatory to yours to receive them at his hand.

No inconsiderable part of the happiness alloted to man is conveyed through the medium of the senses—at least in the present world, and, perhaps, in the world to come. For the bodies we inhabit, the sleep of death being ended, will be rescued from the tomb. And it is not easy to perceive why they should be rescued, if their recovery is to have no influence on the pleasures and pains of eternity; to add nothing to the amount of endless misery or immortal bliss.

True they deposit in the grave, (I speak of the bodies of the redeemed,) all their present grossness, pollution and corruptibility. For they are to be raised from thence *spiritual bodies*. But whether this transformation, this refinement, this sublimation, which the renovated body undergoes, puts an eternal end to its influence on the happiness of the exulting soul, which at the resurrection enters it, or whether this mysterious change do not rather exalt

its powers and render them capable of communicating a happiness equally more refined, more sublimated, more transcendant, is an article, on which, though revelation were silent, it should seem that reason could scarcely entertain a doubt.

I know that there are men, and good men too, who calumniate indiscriminately all the pleasures of sense. I say calumniate, for the language they utter is neither the language of reason nor revelation. The finger of God is too manifest in the sensitive part of human nature, to admit a doubt concerning the innocence of the bliss which springs from it. Christianity, instead of abjuring, approbates the pleasures of sense. She claims them as her own, and bids the possessor indulge them, to the glory of the God who gave them. And the author of Christianity, that great exemplar of righteousness and model of perfection, *came eating and drinking*. Again and again he graced the festive board with his divine presence; he delivered his celestial doctrines amid the circles of social friendship, and the *first* of that splendid series of miracles which signalized his life was performed at a *marriage supper*.

But though the pleasures of sense constitute a part, and an innocent part, it is but a very humble part of human felicity. While they are restrained within the limits and conformed in all respects to the decorum of gospel morality they are perfectly admissible. But if this decorum be violated; if these limits be transgressed order is subverted and guilt as well as misery ensues.

On this article nature herself coincides with religion, and fixes at the same point her sacred and unalterable boundary. She has stamped on the very frame of man her *veto* against excess; and the apathy, the languor, the pains and disgusts consequent upon it, are her awful and monitory voice, which says distinctly to the devotee of passion, "Rash mortal forbear—thou wast formed for temperance, for chastity; these be the law of thy nature. Hitherto thou mayest come, but no further, and here must all thy appetites be stayed."

Attend to the voice of nature—obey her mandate. Consider, even in the heat of youthful blood, consider thy frame; "*how fearfully, how wonderfully made.*" How delicate its texture, how various, how complicated, how frail its organs; how capable of affording thee an exquisite and abiding happiness, and at the same time how liable, by one rash act of intemperate indulgence, to be utterly deranged and destroyed for ever.

And let me forewarn you, that the region of innocent indulgence and guilty pleasure border on each other—a single step only separates between them. If you do not regulate your pleasures by principles fixed and settled; if you do not keep in your eye a boundary that you will never pass; if you do not impose previous restraints, but leave your hearts to direct you amid the glee of convivial mirth and the blandishments of youthful pleasure, it requires no prophetic skill to foresee, that im-

pelled by the gusts of passion " conscience will swing from its moorings," and that your probity, your virtue, your innocence will be irrevocably shipwrecked.

THE INTELLECTUAL NATURE OF MAN. And here, the design of the creator is more than intimated. The posture of man is erect, and his countenance, irradiated by an expressive intelligence, is directed towards the heavens. If he possesses some faculties in common with animals, he possesses others distinct from theirs. Faculties, as much superior to those of sense as the stars which decorate the firmament of God are higher and more resplendent than the worthless pebble that sparkless amidst the dust and rubbish on his footstool. Faculties which no indulgence surfeits, no exercise impairs, or time destroys. Often sustaining the infirmities of age; often beaming with intellectual radiance through the palsied organs of a dying body and sometimes even gilding the evening of animal existence with the anticipated splendors of immortal life.

The appetites of the body are soon cloyed, and the richest banquets of sense disgust. But the appetites of the mind, if I may speak so, are never satisfied. In all the variety, in all the plenitude, in all the luxury of mental enjoyment, the most favored individual was never surfeited, or once heard to say, " It is enough." The more of these delicate, these pure, these sublime, I had almost said holy pleasures, an individual enjoys, the more he is capable of enjoying, and the more he is solicitous

to enjoy. It is the intellectual eye that is never satisfied with seeing—the intellectual ear that is never satisfied with hearing.

The powers in question are not more superior to those of sense than the provision for them is more abundant. Beauty, grandeur, novelty—All the fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening; considered scientifically, are so many sources of mental enjoyment. But why do I mention these particulars? All the region of nature; earth with its varieties; heaven with its sublimities; the entire universe—All that Omnipotence hath done, is spread out before the intellectual observer. An immense, an immeasurable range—a field whose distant boundary departs from the beholder; whose nearest border, after the advances of six thousand years, has been but partially explored, and the circuit of which will be completed only with eternity,

Nor the visible creation alone. The intellectual world also lies before him. To principalities, and powers; to thrones, dominions, and all the nameless orders which constitute the interminable line of heavenly excellence, man is introduced. Orders for ever advancing in wisdom and brightening in the splendors of intellectual glory, at the head of which appears that ETERNAL BEING, who alone changes not, because infinite perfection cannot change. The pleasure which springs from the knowledge and contemplation of these objects; this universe of good; is so ineffable, so transcendent, that the wretch who

does not prefer it to the mere indulgence of sense, though free of other crimes, evinces a depravity of taste which merits eternal reprobation.

His MORAL NATURE. Man was made to be religious; to acknowledge and reverence God and to be conformed in his moral conduct to the law of God. You have only to consult your hearts to be convinced of this. The proof is there inscribed in characters which are indelible.

When the child first look abroad into the works of the creator, he naturally refers the objects which surround him to an adequate first cause, and asks "Where is God their maker." If sudden danger threatens him, his eye is directed to the heavens for relief. If unexpected happiness overtakes him, his heart breaks forth in grateful acknowledgements to an unseen benefactor. Even the untutored savage surveys the wildness of nature; the extended earth; the distant heavens, with religious awe, and pays to their creator an instinctive homage.

Devotion is a law of human nature, and you can with no more consistency deny its existence, than you can deny the existence of the laws by which heaven and earth are governed. You may as well deny that there is a principle in your bodies that binds them to the earth, as that there is a principle in your souls which elevates them to the heavens.

Nor is the reality of the moral sense more questionable. Self complacency springs from the per-

formance of duty ; shame and regret from the commission of sin. Skepticism may endeavor to persuade you to the contrary, but it never can. It has indeed weakened the faith and clouded the hopes of thousands, but it never gave to a single individual a settled, firm and abiding belief, that there is no God, no futurity, or that man is not accountable. There have been serious and awful moments in the lives of the boldest champions of infidelity when they have discovered sypmtoms of dereliction—moments when the struggles of nature could not be repressed, and when the voice of nature has been heard to break forth. The punishment of Cain, given up to the tortures of a guilty mind, was greater than he could bear, and the spectre of John the Baptist haunted the bed chamber of Herod long after the tomb had become to that martyr a bed of repose. Who was it, think you, that anticipated the prophet in interpreting the hand writing to Belshazzar, and smote the sacrilegious wretch with trembling ? Why did Galerious relent on his death bed ? And what made Caligula afraid when it thundered ? It was conscience, who startled by danger from her slumbers, then shook her terrific sceptre and uttered her monitory voice.

Nor is it material to enquire why man is thus formed. It is a fact that he is so formed, nor is it possible for him to be happy in a course of conduct which does violence to his nature. From the penalties of the mind you can no more escape than from the appetites of the body. You may avoid

the malediction of an earthly tribunal.—You may avoid, says the irreligionist, the malediction of God : but yourselves ; the retribution of justice within your own bosoms ; how is this to be avoided ? CONSCIENCE like that DIVINITY of which it is a symbol, with respect to you, is omnipresent. Though you ascend to heaven ; though you make your bed in hell ; though you take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, this avenger of sin will accompany you. Watching with an eye from which no darkness can conceal and chastising with a thong that no fortitude can endure. *The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear.*

Such, briefly, is man. In providing for whose happiness his entire constitution must be consulted, each distinct capacity of enjoyment must be furnished with appropriate objects, and a due proportion between them all, must be preserved.

Be this your care. Despise not corporeal pleasures, neither exalt them two highly. Hold them subordinate to intellectual enjoyments, and these subordinate to moral. Your intellectual and moral nature are what ally you to angels and assimilate you to God. Age will presently rob you of all the delights of sense. But of intellectual and moral delights neither age nor death can rob you. To the votary of science and religion the last cup of heavenly consolation is not poured out till his eye is closing on the world and his flesh descending into the grave in hope.

A life of virtue and happiness, then, exactly coincide. To practice the one, is to secure the other. The God of virtue formed every faculty of pleasure and has made them all subservient to duty. There are those, I am sensible, who represent religion shrouded in gloom and covered with scowls; but the attitude, the drapery, the features are unlike the divine original and betray the pencil of an enemy. There never was, nor there never will be one source of happiness which religion does not authorise.

Some, indeed, speak of all the pleasures of sense as pleasures of sin. But such language is at once an outrage to common sense and an indignity to God. Sin never gave the faculties of sense, and let not sin claim the bliss that springs from them. There is not a being in the universe that owes to sin a single enjoyment. The immortal God is the author of them all. He made you what you are, and if, in the abuse of the faculties he has bestowed, a single delight remain, it is owing to his clemency.

Which of the faculties is it, I would ask, that sin improves? Is it the eye? Is it the ear? Is it the palate? Does sin add any new faculties? No; she only palsies the energies, perverts the use and poisons the pleasures of those which before existed —these are her baneful and damning work. Under whose influence delights once desired, disgust the thoughts and pall upon the senses.——My God! if you are beguiled by an idea of the pleasures of

sin, look once upon the emaciated body, the pallid countenance, the bloated features and the noseless face of the loathsome and wornout sensualist! Look again! And can you believe the place of his resort is the habitation of pleasures? No: 'tis the TEMPLE of pollution, of disease, of death—there SIN, ACCURSED SORCERESS, mingles her cup and infuses her poison. Mark the place—avoid it; turn from it and flee away.

After this, will you believe that virtue is your enemy? that religion requires sacrifices? If so, in the name of God, what are they? I know of none, unless of disease, of pain, of infamy.

True, you may not riot at the banquets of Bacchus, but you may participate in temperance at the table of convivial mirth and exhilerated rise from thence to give God thanks. You may not steal at midnight to the infamous pleasures of the brothel; but you may cherish at your homes the refined, the hallowed pleasures of connubial friendship. You may not, indeed, so much as lay your head upon the lap of Delilah; but you may live joyfully with the wife whom you love, all the days of your pilgrimage, for it is the portion which God gives you under the sun.

As we have said, a life of virtue, and a life of happiness coincide. And he who seeks the latter in opposition to the former counteracts the laws of nature, contradicts the experience of ages, and to succeed, must transcend not himself only, but his maker also,

and become more potent than OMNIPOTENCE himself. The body can subsist in health without aliment as easily as the soul without virtue. Nor is poison more fatal to the body than the venom of sin to the mind. This is a matter of experience; of fact; and whoever asserts the contrary, belies his heart and contradicts the testimony of a world.

I have detained you so long on the means of happiness that time would fail me were I to enter, in detail, on the conduct of life. The great principles of morality and piety are involved in the argument we have been pursuing. An incidental thought or two, suggested by the times in which we live, is all that will be attempted.

Permit me then particularly to enjoin you to conduct honorably and charitably towards those who are opposed to you in their opinions. Diversity of sentiment is inevitable in a state of things like the present. The dispensation of time is an obscure dispensation and till the light of eternity shall break upon the mind, it is not to be expected that erring mortals will see eye to eye. While groping in this world and following the guidance of that erring reason which is scarcely sufficient to direct us through it, it must be folly to suppose ourselves always in the right and more than folly to reprobate those whom we consider in the wrong.

Society, on which you are about to enter, is already divided into various sects in religion and agitated by contending parties in politics. Between these hold

the balance with an equal hand, and let merit and not prejudice or interest turn the beam.

To judge correctly, you must take a comprehensive view of the whole field of controversy. And having honestly formed your judgment, give full credit to the merit of those who differ from you, and be sparing of the censure which you conceive to be their due.

Beware of judging of bodies of men in the gross, as though each individual were chargeable with the vices of the whole. There is no body of men among whom you may not find something to admire and much to blame. Be careful to separate therefore the gold from the dross and to distinguish the precious from the vile.

If there be any thing that can disgrace civilized society, it is a spirit of indiscriminate and wanton slander. A spirit, the vilest with which any nation can be curst. And yet this spirit exists. It exists among us. It pervades the whole extent of a country, once proudly pre-eminent for every social virtue. It insinuates itself into the cottage of the peasant, it enters, I had almost said resides, in the mansion of the great. It is cherished by every party, it moves in every circle. It hovers round the sacred alter of mercy, it approaches the awful seat of justice. In one word, it surrounds us on every side, and on every side it breathes forth its pestilential vapor, blasting talents, and virtue, and reducing, like the grave,

whose pestiferous influence it imitates, the great, and the good, and the ignoble, and the vile, to the same humiliating level.

Permit me to indulge the hope, young gentlemen, that you will never enlist under the banner of this foe to human happiness, nor prostitute your talents, or even lend your names, to this work of intellectual massacre.

Having taken so much pains and expended so much treasure in preparing for future usefulness, will you consent to become mere scavengers in society, and spend your lives in collecting and retailing filth. Remember that the course of the eagle is directed towards the heavens, and that it is the vile serpent that winds along the fens, creeps upon his belly and licks the dust.

Whatever party you may join, or in whatever rivalships you may engage, let your warfare be that of honorable policy, and not the smutty contest which succeeds by blackening private character. Convinced of the sacredness of reputation, never permit yourselves to sport with the virtues or even lightly to attack the vices of men in power. If they pass a certain boundary, indeed, sufferance would be pusillanimity and silence treason. But the public good, and not private interest, or private resentment, must fix that boundary.

There is an homage due to the sanctity of office, whoever fills it; an homage which every man owes,

and which every good man will feel himself bound to pay, after the sublime example of him, who though a Jew and residing at Jerusalem, rendered honor and paid tribute to Cæsar at Rome.

I cannot sum up all that I would wish to say to you better than by placing the entire character of JESUS CHRIST before you as a PERFECT MODEL, in the imitation of which, will alike consist your happiness and glory. On every important question, in every trying situation, ask what would have been HIS opinion, what HIS conduct: and let the answer regulate your own.

Methinks your parents, some of whom I see in this assembly, add their sanction to the counsel I am now delivering. Parents whom I cannot but commend particularly to your ingenuousness, and from their kindness and solicitude, derive an argument to enforce all that I have said. You will never know, till the bitterness of filial ingratitude shall teach you, the extent of the duty that you owe them. On you their affections have been placed: on you their treasures expended. With what tenderness they ministered to your wants in helpless infancy; with what patience they bore with your indiscretions in wayward childhood; and with what solicitude they watched your steps in erring youth. No care has been too severe; no selfdenials too painful: no sacrifices too great, which would contribute to your felicity. To your welfare the meridian of life has been constantly devoted, and even its cheerless evening is rendered supportable by the prospect of leav-

ing you the heirs of their fame and of their fortune. For all this affection and kindness, the only reward they expect ; the only requital they ask is, that when you enter on the world you will act worthy of yourselves and not dishonor them.

And shall this requital be denied them ? Will you by your follies disturb even the tranquility of age ; rob declining life of its few remaining pleasures, and snatching away from the palsied hand of your aged parents the last cup of earthly consolation, bring their grey hairs with anticipated sorrow to the grave !

It was a noble spectacle, amidst the flames that were consuming Troy, and while the multitude were intent only on rescuing their paltry treasures, to see the dutiful Æneas bearing on his shoulder the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety. But ah ! how rare such examples of filial piety ! My God ! the blood freezes in the veins at the thought of the ingratitude of children. Spirits of my sainted parents, could I recall the hours when it was in my power to honor you, how different should be my conduct. Ah ! were not the dead unmindful of the reverence the living pay them, I would disturb the silence of your tombs with nightly orisons, and bedew the urn which contains your ashes with perpetual tears !

It is within your power to prevent the bitterness of such regrets.—But I must arrest the current of my feelings. Your future usefulness, your eternal salvation constitute a motive so vast, so solemn that were

I to yield to its overwhelming influence, I should protract the hour of separation and fill up with counsel and admonition, the declining day.

I shall address you no more. I shall meet with you no more, 'till having past the solemnities of death, I meet you in eternity. So spend the intervening period, I adjure you that *that* meeting may be joyous and the immortality which shall follow it splended as the grace of that God is free, to whom, surrendering my charge, I now commit you.—Leaving with you this counsel, I bid you an affectionate and final FAREWELL.

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO THE

CANDIDATES

FOR THE

BACCALAUREATE,

IN

Union College,

AT THE

ANNIVERSARY COMMENCEMENT

JULY 29th, 1807.

BY ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

AN

ADDRESS.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

A SEMINARY is a world in miniature. The resemblances are strong and numerous. None of which, however, strike the mind more forcibly than that succession of actors, who, tripping on the stage, sustain the parts of the passing drama. As generation follows generation, so class follows class; and the gladsome smile of social intercourse soon gives place to the solemn gloom of final separation. On these occasions custom authorizes an address to the young adventurers, and nature sanctions what custom authorizes. Anxious for your future welfare, your instructors, who have hitherto guarded your virtue and watched for your happiness, seize on the parting interview, and by the solemn circumstances which crowd upon the mind urge their last counsel.

It is not possible, in the few moments allotted to this address, to develope or even hint at all those doctrines of faith which demand your attention. Nor should I feel as if I had discharged the sacred duty which I owed you had I left these to a hasty discussion in this place and on this occasion. To furnish you with a complete summary of practical duty is also impossible. A glance only at a topic or two is all that will be attempted. The real friend adapts his admonitions to the dangers which threaten, and shapes his cautions to the spirit of the times—*The spirit of the times, is a spirit of mutual injury, recrimination and revenge.* In such an age, to hope to pass through life unassailed is vain. The only question is, therefore, how you are to sustain the assault; how treat the assailant?

Were the world to utter its voice in this place it would tell you, "To be ever vigilant to discover causes of offence; quick in repelling and inexorable in revenging to the uttermost, the slightest attack upon your person or your honor." The gospel, however, adopts a different counsel, and in the bland accents of its Author, inculcates forbearance and forgiveness.

The crimes and miseries resulting from revenge, have been witnessed in every country and regretted in every age. Philosophy, in attempting to regulate, hath increased the evil. Christianity alone directs her weapons at its root, and aims at preventing the effects by exterminating the principle.

Revenge has been defined, *the inflicting of pain upon the person who has injured or offended us, farther than the just ends of punishment or reparation require.* "There can be no difficulty in knowing when we occasion pain to another; nor much in distinguishing whether we do so, with a view only to the ends of punishment, or from revenge; for in the one case we proceed with reluctance, in the other with pleasure."

The most if not all the human passions have their use in the economy of life: and when sanctified by grace, conduce no less to virtue than to happiness. But how can a passion which has misery as its object, be useful—how agreeable to the Deity? Where could have been its sphere of action in the primeval state—or towards whom could it have been directed whilst mutual love predominated in the breast of man? —To these interrogations it is not easy to give a satisfactory answer. Is revenge then a new principle resulting from the apostacy? I know that the apostacy touched the vital principle of man with death; that it corrupted and perverted those faculties and powers which before existed; but I do not know that it created new ones. And when man shall be restored to that perfection from which he hath fallen, the restoration will consist, not in the annihilation of any of his faculties, but in the recovery of his entire nature from sin to holiness; so that he who before hated, now loves his Maker, *with all his heart, soul, mind and strength, and his neighbor as himself.*

May it, then, not be supposed that the principle in question is not a new one; but the ruins of a once holy principle implanted in the breasts of moral agents, and predisposing them to acquiesce in distributive justice, and to say, in the view of the executed penalties of the fearful law of God, *true and righteous are thy judgments.* Which principle, now perverted and depraved, prompts the proud possessor not to acquiesce in but to seize on the administration of Jehovah; to utter HIS maledictions, and hurl HIS thunders on every being who has done, or is supposed to have done, to himself an injury.

Though there cannot be an intentional injury without sin, and though pain is, and for ever will be, the just desert of the sinner, it is not the province of any created being to ascertain the degree of pain due for any offence, or to inflict the same when ascertained. This is an act of distributive penal justice which belongs to God, and to him exclusively. VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAITH THE LORD.

So minute are the causes which operate on human minds, so imperceptible are the shades of moral turpitude, that the OMNISCIENT BEING alone is competent to distributive justice. In civil governments, even penal codes are not founded on distributive but general justice: nor do these aim at the apportionment of penalties to personal demerit; but at the prevention of crimes, or the reformation of offenders; a thing totally different in its nature from the assignment of a certain degree of suffering to a certain degree of criminality. Hence, the difficulty of detect-

ing, and the necessity of preventing, certain offences, and not the malignity of each particular case, determines human legislators in the severity of their penalties.

But if civil governments, authorized by divine appointment, are not to execute vengeance on offenders, much less are individuals to do this. It is, therefore, no apology or rather justification of an act of vengeance, that the person who is the object of it is guilty; nor does it alter the case that *that* guilt has been incurred by an injury done to you. He may deserve to be chastised for his temerity; but you are not constituted either the judge or the executor of that chastisement.

Not that I would inculcate, that pain may never be inflicted on the individual who has done you wrong. It sometimes may and ought to be inflicted. But the motive to this infliction of pain, and the measure of pain to be inflicted, are to be looked for in the good it will produce, and not in the misery due to the offender. There are cases of personal injury where the will of the GREAT LAWGIVER is expressed. In every other instance, your own good, the good of the offender, or the public good can alone constitute a justifiable motive for punishing, or fix the measure of the punishment. And where neither of these ends can be answered, no matter of what crime an individual may have been guilty; no matter what punishment he deserves from God, his Maker and his Master, he deserves none from you.

Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. These are the words of an apostle. *But I say unto you that you resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And whosoever will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.* These are the words of Christ. They are, however, not to be interpreted literally, but proverbially—inculcating habitual forbearance and the overcoming of evil with good.

Express declarations of scripture give you a right, in extreme cases, to defend yourselves, even at the expense of the life of the assailant. Here the motive is self-defence, and the force made use of ought to be proportioned to the danger, and not to exceed it. In such cases, where human laws cannot operate for your protection, or repair the evil to which forbearance might subject you, the divine law interposes, and constitutes you the executor of its justice. And where the alarm does not produce a state of mind incompatible with moral agency, your act on the invader of your rights may be considered as an official one. But these acts are essentially different from those revenges which are every day taking place, where the injury done to the aggressor neither prevents nor repairs the injury done by him. Besides, those acts are in direct violation of civil government, which makes the laws umpire in cases of controversy, and leaves not the injured individual to be judge in his own cause.

Far be it from me to wish to extinguish in your bosoms the genuine principles of honor. These

spring up from the very seat of virtue, and where these are not, greatness disappears, probity, integrity and valor are no more. Rather let me inculcate high notions of personal character; let me foster a lofty sense of individual dignity, and adjure you scrupulously to avoid whatever would tend to stain the one or degrade the other: But let me tell you that is but a sorry honor which requires to be established by a challenge, or vindicated by a shot.

Personal bravery is commendable. You live not for yourselves, but for your friends, your country, your God. In a good cause you ought not to regard even life itself. On great occasions, and when the voice of public justice calls you, face danger, tread with undaunted step the field of death, and covet the place of desolation. But in your own individual cause; in the little pitiful neglects and insults which may be offered you, be too great to feel them, too magnanimous to resent them.

Shall you then desert your honor? No; defend it. Scrupulously defend it. How? By a good life; by an uniform course of probity, integrity and valor. Whenever you are accused you will either be guilty or not. If guilty, an exchange of shots cannot expiate that guilt: If you are not guilty, the liar's tongue cannot make you so.

What a magnanimous spectacle do those appellants, in cases of personal controversy, to the chan-

cery of fire-arms, furnish to the world! Not the battle of the wind-mills was half so bombastically magnificent.

But to this belittling farce, there is appended a solemn close which stifles irony, and from which, appalled humanity, turns away with horror. Suddenly the scene changes into the tragic pomp of death. The mania of passion subsides. The *etiquette* of honor is laid aside; the stream of life, flowing out from the wounded heart, quenches the fire of vengeance, and swallows up the injuries which produced a catastrophe so awful.—Conscience awakes; the fictitious drapery, which custom had flung around the rash adventurer, falls off, and the fell assassin stands, naked and aghast, over the expiring victim of his anger, a witness of that blood which issuing forth attaches to his person the stain of murder, and lifts from the steeped earth, its accusing voice to the *God of life*. With the emotions of Cain imbrued in his brother's blood, he goes back into the world from the field of death. There his eye meets the frantic stare of the wife, whom his wrath hath made a widow. The plaints of her hapless children, whom he has doomed to perpetual orphanage, sigh upon the breeze and linger on his ear....Whilst a distracted father, shakes his grey locks, and utters, from his quivering lips, his deep toned execration on the wretch who has felled at a blow his hopes, and consigned to the grave his son!

From these sad objects he tears himself....But, as if the tomb refused to repose the dust consigned to it by

violence, the form of his fallen adversary pursues him. He hears, amidst the silence of the midnight hour, a groan, and sees blood still issuing from the wound which in his wrath he opened.

And for what is this rash act indulged, which drags in its train such accumulated horrors? For an unguarded word—a turn of wit—the omission of a nod, or perhaps the fighting of a spaniel. Great God! and is this the boasted magnanimity of duelists?—Sooner may my joints indurate in their sockets, or mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade than be raised in such an action.

But aside from powder, and bullets, and all that nameless machinery of justice, which constitute the tribunal of honor—a tribunal before which, I pray God, you may never disgrace yourselves by appearing, it remains a question how you are to meet those disingenuous attacks to which you will inevitably be exposed?

The law of retaliation is, *an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.* Sheltering themselves under the rigor of this law, men of implacable temper indulge resentment; and when a malicious slanderer spits forth the venom of *his* heart, they spit forth the venom of *theirs* in return. *But I say unto you, resist not evil,* but *overcome evil with good.* Must you then always restrain your pen, and, passive to injury, seal your lips in silence? No; there may be cases in which the cause of truth requires, not only an avowal of your sentimenst, but also a firm and manly vindica-

tion of them. When this is the fact, to shrink from the ordeal of public scrutiny were pusilanimity.... Were treason....When this is the fact, be regardless of personal consequences, encounter reproach, and become a voluntary martyr to righteousness. But even in the act of martyrdom, watch your deceitful hearts, that righteousness, not *self*, be your motive.

There may, too, be cases in which a reply to disingenuous insinuations or open slanders, may be requisite as a vindication of yourselves. These cases, however, are fewer, much fewer, than you imagine; and prudence, not passion, will point them out....You may never reply, for the sake of goading your adversary, however much you may have him in your power; and seldom, very seldom, will it be wise to reply, as a personal defence.

Scandal, left to itself, usually looses its power to injure. Suspicion will not easily attach to the character of a good man, whilst he acts consistently, and remains in the dignified posture of self-approving silence. He who pursues the path of duty, nor swerves from his purpose, however attacked, carries his vindication with him, and usually proceeds more successfully, and always more nobly, than he, who halting, stoops to indulge the littleness of anger, and either growls at the tyger or barks back at the whelps and "whiffits" that follow, and yell, and yelp, along his path.

Where the public have no interest in being deceived; where their passions and prejudices are not em-

barked, slander seldom needs any other refutation than that furnished in the spirit of its author...But will the public always be impartial? Can their candor always be relied on? No; party spirit, political prejudice, "sectarian zeal" and self-righteous bigotry, often blind the eyes of men to justice, and stop their ears to truth. But when this is the case; when prejudice, and bigotry, and passion are callled into action, a wise man will hardly expect, by apology, by argument, by explanation, to stop their progress. Expect to stop their progress by apology, by argument, by explanation.....you might as well expect to tame the lightnings; to confine the tempest, or lash the maddened ocean to submission. No; rather stand in silent confidence; let the storm pass by, and wait the returning calm of reason.

Moreover, our enemies, uncandid as they may be, often declare the truth of us, and truth which our friends would be likely to conceal. Their statements, however disingenuous, may therefore be improved to our advantage, if we have magnanimity to examine them impartially, and humility to correct the errors, which occasioned, or at least countenanced, what we may deem invective. But the moment we put ourselves on the defensive, the moment we become apologists for our faults, that moment we become blinded and wedded to them.

Nor is this all. We cannot enter the lists of invidious controversy without placing our peace of mind in jeopardy. Revenge, even in a war of words, cannot be indulged with impunity. A spark of it is

never smitten from the flinty heart, without kindling the fire of *hell*, which it is in vain to hope will remain unextinguished in the bosom without consuming it. The boiling fury of resentment scalds the heart from which it is poured out. When an enemy imparts to you his gall, when he provokes you to recriminate; then it is that he may exclaim *victory*; for he has torn away your shield, and your happiness lies naked to his scorpion sting. What then shall you do? Retire into the sanctuary of your own integrity; and whilst the enemy of your peace struts, and roars, and swells, and foams around you; remote in your feelings from the tumult he occasions, enjoy the holy calm of forgiving mercy. Recollecting that *he who is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.*

You will not construe this advice into an encouragement to that haughty, self-confident demeanor, which indicates insensibility to praise, and contempt for the opinions and censures of the world. It is in virtue's self, and not the affectation of virtue, that true greatness lies. I never see a man tranquil under injuries, and candid and ingenuous towards enemies, but his character rises in my estimation, and I pay to him a voluntary homage. Nor do I ever see one vindictive, railing at his enemies, crying down their talents, affecting to despise their opinions, and regard their censures only as the idle wind, but in the act of doing this his character suffers degradation. This is the language of wounded pr de, intended, indeed, to conceal, but which, in fact, discovers most effectually the

chagrin which is felt, and the vexation which is suffered. In questions that affect yourselves, or that affect your enemies, as on every other occasion, be candid.

If you have taken a wrong position, abandon it; if you have committed an error, correct it. But if your conscience is satisfied with the part you have acted, or the duty you have performed; tranquil and self-possessed, abide the issue. If an enemy revile you, revile not in return; and if that enemy have talents honor them; if he merits respect, render it unto him. Favor his interests, deal gently with his failings, shield his fame. Do even more than this: If he be in affliction, sympathize with him; if he be poor, feed him; if naked, clothe him, *and let his loins be warmed with the fleeces of your flock*: and as for the injury you may have suffered, nobly forgive it, and pray God that it may be forgiven. By so doing you will heap coals of fire upon his head;—coals, not to consume, but to melt him into righteousness. This, *this*, if I may speak so, is the most effectual and the only laudable revenge.

Particularly, should any of you enter the sacred ministry, let me enjoin on you this conduct.

Never does haughty egotism, captious animadversion and acrimonious rebuke, appear so unsightly as in the minister charged from the meek and lowly Jesus with an embassy of peace. And yet, alas! unsightly as these appear, we are sometimes compelled with regret and sorrow to behold them.

A particular profession or pursuit does not alter the nature of the human passions, but only gives to them a different direction. The wrath of Paul was as deadly as that of Herod. The one assassinated out of complaisance to a giddy girl, the other persecuted for conscience sake. This circumstance, however, made no difference to the wretched victims whom his malignant zeal pursued to death.

Under the cover of religion men, perhaps, more frequently indulge the bitterness of passion without compunction, than in any other situation. The wretch, who wantonly, and without some "*salvo* to his conscience," attacks private character, feels self-condemned. But the sour, sanctimonious, grace-hardened bigot, embarks all his pride, gratifies all his revenge, and empties his corroded bosom of its gall, and having done so, smooths over the distorted features of a countenance, on which sits the smile of Judas, and says, and, half believes, that *he has done God service.*

The proud, ambitious, arrogant clergyman takes his stand in the church with the same views that the proud, arrogant and ambitious statesman takes his in the world.

Is self-aggrandizement the motive of the latter? so it is of the former. And this is to be sought in pursuits and studies which ought above all others to sweeten the temper and humble the pride of man. But these studies and pursuits, where grace is not interposed, do not alter human nature. The arch casuist soon, indeed, acquires a zeal for religion, but it is

cruel: he learns to contend for the faith; but he contends with acrimony, and even the *cross*, the sacred symbol of his Savior's sufferings, is borne about with him as an ostentatious emblem of his own humility. His own creed is the standard of doctrine, his own church the exclusive asylum of faith. He fancies that he possesses, *solus in solo*, all the orthodoxy, all the erudition, all the taste of the kingdom; and swaggering, like Jupiter on the top of Olympus, he seats himself as sole umpire in all matters of faith, of fact, of science. If any one dares to pass the boundary he has fixed, or to adopt a mode of expression he has not authorized, he brands him with the appellation of *heretic*, and instantly hurls at his devoted head a thunderbolt.

If an individual stands in his way, and particularly if that individual possesses an influence which he envies, or fills a place which he covets, he marks him as his victim. The sacrifice, however, must be orthodoxly performed, and attended with all the external forms of sanctity. To prepare the way for this, disingenuous insinuations are thrown out against the hated object. His sentiments are mistated, his language is perverted, and his performances are dissected and combined anew, and held up in opposition to sound doctrine, in order to awaken jealousies, to weaken the confidence and steal away the affection of his Christian friends.

In the mean time, and the more effectually to conceal the ultimate design, the sacred names of

friendship, of sincerity, of candor are flung around the devoted individual, like the garlands with which the Pagans covered the victim they had selected for the altar. Profession swells on profession; a sense of duty, a love of truth, and even thy glory, God of mercy, is declared, by the insatiate executioner, to govern him, whilst he feels, at the moment, the malice of *hell* rankling in his bosom, and dips his pen in the venom of the *damned*. The assault, indeed is conducted under the banner of Jesus Christ. But it is immaterial whether it be the banner of Jesus or Mahomet. A proud, haughty, persecuting spirit, wherever, and in whomsoever found, would transform the mild accents of heavenly grace to execrations, and steep as soon the Evangelists as the Alcoran in blood. To the victim who is sacrificed to pride or arrogance, it matters not whether the ceremony be performed on the scaffold or at the altar.

You may imagine that there is no occasion for cautioning those entering the sacred ministry against such a temper in themselves, or to instruct them how to meet it in others. But if you so imagine, it is because you know little of yourselves or of others. There is among Christians, and even among Christian ministers, (alas! that it should be so) a rebuke that blasts, and a zeal that consumes. Do you not remember who they were that preferred the sanguinary request even to Jesus Christ in person, whether they should not command fire to come down from heaven and consume a whole village of Samari-

tans, because they had treated them less urbanely than they expected? And do you not also remember the mild, the heavenly, the endearing, and yet pointed rebuke he gave them—rejecting their proposal, and disclaiming the spirit which produced it. Do you not remember the anathemas which have been uttered, and the gibbets which have been erected by ecclesiastical authority? Ah! had the spirit of the world never pervaded the sacerdotal order, never would the saints so often have been compelled to famish in dungeons or wander in exile.

Human nature now is the same it was then, and happy will you be should you never, even within the pale of the Christian church, experience the bitterness of the wrath of man. Happy will you be, should you receive no wound in the house of your own and your Savior's friends...should you always find in them the same meek, humble, unassuming goodness, the same sincerity of friendship, the same celestial charity and gentleness of rebuke which appeared in him. But should it be otherwise; should you, where you least expect it, meet with envy, with treachery, with invective, be neither surprised nor disturbed at it.

In the church, as in the world, you will form your own character; nor can your enemies prevent it. Their calumny will injure you less than you imagine. The theological calumniator, however, muffled up in the habiliments of piety; and notwithstanding all the parade he may make of candor, impartiality, and a sense of duty, will be much more successful

in deceiving himself than in deceiving the world. No matter how loudly he vociferates the glory of God, whilst his movements evince that he is seeking exclusively his own. However disguised, the real temper of his heart will discover itself; his insidious calumny will be referred to the proper motive, and his wounded pride will be seen scouling vengeance from behind the tattered mantle of hypocrisy which is interposed to cover it....Community will not be brow-beaten into a surrendry of their independence to the insolent pretensions of any individual. And the self-puffing censor, who aims at being universal umpire, will have the mortificaton to see *that* public, on whom he looks down with supercilious contempt, instead of placing implicit confidence in his decrees, examining and deciding for themselves. He will have the mortification to see the very individuals whom he has denounced and marked for the grave, still living unhurt in the midst of execrations, which produce no effect except to burn and blister the lips which utter them. And, though it were more in character for such an intellectual Goliah, to curse his opponents in the name of DAGON than in that of Jesus, yet should he adopt the latter, making the gospel the vehicle of scandal, and seasoning the doctrines of grace with malice, still remember, *that you have not so learned Christ*; who forbids you *to give place to the devil*, and commands you, *putting away lying, to speak every man truth with his neighbor*. Let not the subtility of an adversary beguile you into the spirit of the world, or the rudeness of his attack provoke you to use

in your defence the weapons of the world. These ill befit a Christian; these are not his armory. It was Abishai, not David, who proposed to go over and take off the head of Shimei, that cursed him.

It is not the prostration of an enemy, but the forgiveness of him, that evinces a divine filiation, and conducts to the noblest victory. Not perhaps the noblest in the estimation of partial friends, who, irritated by insult, wish to see you *thrash* an adversary.....Not in the estimation of men of honor, who account it magnanimous to avenge an injury. But are these the real judges of true greatness? or, are you influenced by the multitude? Whom then call you the multitude? The pigmies of a pigmean world who surround you, or the principalities, and powers, and thrones, and dominions, and all those orders of perfect beings, who throng the heavens, and fill the house of God's almightiness?....Behold the thousands of thousands who minister unto him, and the ten thousand times ten thousand who stand before him! In the estimation of these just appraisers of things, which think you is deemed more god-like, to forgive an injury or to avenge it?---Seeing therefore you are 'compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside all malice and that wrath that will so easily beset you; and on this article as every other, look with steady eye, to Jesus Christ, the author and finisher of your faith.' ---Had he---pardon, exalted Mediator, pattern of perfection, this derogating supposition, made with reverential awe, and to exalt thy clemency---had

he engaged in a single duel or partook in one revengeful contest---but he did not. Whatever is endearing in goodness or touching in mercy, collected into one assemblage, forms his character. A character on which arrogance has not cast a shade or envy fixed a stain. A character splendid with virtues which render poverty venerable and humility august. That great Examplar of righteousness, the purity of whose life baffled the scrutiny of malice and compelled that blood-stained wretch who had often sported with the rights of innocence, to exclaim " I find no fault in the man," how did HE meet injuries, and what was HIS demeanor towards his enemies ?

Mark his entrance into Jerusalem, that city blackened by crime and steeped in the blood of martyrs. From the mount of Olives it opened to his view. At which sad sight, he wept. Wept not over friends, but enemies ; enemies who had rejected, vilified, persecuted him, and who were still waiting, with friend-like impatience, to wreak their vengeance on his person and quench their malice in his blood. Nor is this a solitary instance of benignity. Trace his paths from Bethlehem to Calvary, and you will find him every where meek, humble, long suffering. Surrounded by adversaries, and called to meet calumny and even persecution, he supported his matchless clemency to the end ; and left the world good, above conception...great, beyond comparison.

From the toils and trials of a distressing, but perfect life, follow this illustrious Personage to the place

of death. Approach his cross and fix your attention on the prodigies which signalize his sufferings, and stamp divinity on his martyrdom !.....Think not that I allude to the terrific drapery which in that dread hour was flung around the great theatre of nature. No ; 'tis not the darkened sun, the bursting tombs, the quaking mountains, or the trembling world, that I allude to ! These indeed are prodigies ; but these vanish before the still greater prodigies of meekness, humility, and sin-forgiving goodness, displayed in the dying Savior.....When I behold him amidst the last agonies of dissolving nature, raising his dying eyes to heaven, and forgetful of himself, interceding with the God of mercy, with his last breath, and from his very cross, in behalf of those wretches whose insatiable malice had fixed him there...then it is that the evidence of his claims rises to demonstration, and I feel the resistless force of that impassioned exclamation which burst from the lips of infidelity itself, " If Socrates died as a philosopher, Jesus Christ died as a God !"

And shall a worm covered with crimes, and living on sufferance, in that same world where the agonizing Savior uttered his dying supplication and left his dying example for imitation:...shall such a worm, tumid with resentment, lift his proud crest to his fellow worm, and, incapable of mercy, talk of retribution ? No ; blessed Jesus, thy death is an antidote to vengeance. At the foot of thy cross, I meet my enemies, I forget their injuries, I bury my revenge, and learn to forgive those who have done me wrong, as I also hope to be forgiven of thee.

But not to the clemency alone of Jesus Christ would I direct your attention. Rather let me place his "entire character before you as a PERFECT MODEL, in the imitation of which will alike consist your happiness and glory.

"On every important question, in every trying situation, ask what would have been HIS opinion; what HIS conduct; and let the answer regulate your own."

ALMIGHTY GOD, GIVE US ALL THIS GRACE, AND TO THY NAME SHALL BE THE GLORY.

THE

Star in the East:

A

SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, BRISTOL, ON SUNDAY, FEB. 26, 1809,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

"*Society for Missions to Africa and the East.*"

BY

THE REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, L. L. D.

FROM INDIA.

"For we have seen His Star in the East, and are come to worship him."
MATT. ii, 2.

A

SERMON.

MATTHEW II. 2.

"FOR WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST, AND ARE COME TO WORSHIP HIM."

WHEN, in the fulness of time, the Son of God came down from heaven to take our nature upon him, many circumstances concurred to celebrate the event, and to render it an illustrious epoch in the history of the world. It pleased the Divine Wisdom that the manifestation of the Deity should be distinguished by a suitable glory: and this was done, by the ministry of Angels, by the ministry of Men, and by the ministry of Nature herself.

First, This was done by the ministry of *Angels*; for an Angel announced to the shepherds "the glad "tidings of great joy which should be to all people;" and a "multitude of the heavenly host sang Glory to "God in the Highest, on earth peace, good-will to-w ard men."

Secondly, It was done by the ministry of *Men*; for illustrious persons, divinely directed, came from a far country, to offer gifts, and to do honor to the new born King.

Thirdly, It was done by the ministry of *Nature*. Nature herself was commanded to bear witness to the presence of the God of Nature. A Star or Divine Light, pointed out significantly from heaven the spot upon earth where the Savior was born.

Thus, I say, it pleased the Divine Wisdom, by an assemblage of heavenly testimonies, to glorify the incarnation of the Son of God.

All these testimonies were appropriate; but the *Journey* of the *Eastern Sages* had in it a peculiar fitness. We can hardly imagine a more natural mode of honoring the event than this, that illustrious persons should proceed from a far country to visit the child which was born Savior of the world. They came, as it were, in the name of the Gentiles, to acknowledge the heavenly gift, and to bear their testimony against that nation which rejected it. They came as the *representatives* of the whole heathen world; not only of the heathens in the East, but also of the heathens in the West, from whom *we* are descended. In the name of the whole world, lying "in "darkness, and in the shadow of death," they came inquiring for that Light which, they had heard, was to visit them in the fulness of time. "And the Star "which they saw in the East went before them, till "it came and stood over where the young child was.

"And when they were come into the house, they "fell down and worshipped him; and when they had "opened their treasures, they presented unto him "gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;" and they departed into their own country.

Do you ask how the Star of Christ was understood in the East? Or why Providence ordained that peculiar mode of intimation?

Christ was foretold in old prophecy, under the name of the "*Star* that should arise out of Jacob;" and the rise of the Star in Jacob was notified to the world, by the appearance of an actual Star.

We learn from authentic Roman history, that there prevailed "in the East" a constant expectation of a Prince, who should arise out of Judea, and rule the world. That such an expectation did exist, has been confirmed by the ancient writings of India. Whence, then, arose this extraordinary expectation, for it was found also in the Sybilline books of Rome?

The Jewish expectation of the Messiah had pervaded the East long before the period of his appearance. The Jews are called by their own prophet the "Expecting people*," (as it may be translated, and as some of the Jews of the East translate it,) the "people looking for and expecting One to come." Wherever, then, the ten tribes were carried throughout the East, they carried with them their *expectation*. And they carried also the prophecies on which their

* Is. xviii. 2. "The people meted out," in our translation.

expectation was founded. Now one of the clearest of these prophecies runs in these words: "There shall come a *Star* out of Jacob." And as in the whole dispensation concerning the Messiah, there is a wonderful fitness between the words of prophecy and the person spoken of, so it pleased the Divine Wisdom that the rise of the Star in Jacob should be announced to the world by the appearance of an actual Star, (for by what other means could the great event be more significantly communicated to the remote parts of the earth?) and this actual Star, in itself a proper emblem of that "Light which was to lighten the Gentiles," conducted them to Him who was called in a figure the Star of Jacob, and the "glory of his people Israel;" and who hath said of himself, (Rev. xxii. 16,) "I, Jesus, am the bright and morning Star †."

But again, why was the East thus honored? Why was the East, and not the West, the scene of these transactions? The East was the scene of the first revelation of God. The fountains of inspiration were first opened in the East. And, after the flood, the first family of the new world was planted in the East; I mean the East, in relation to Judea. Besides, millions of the human race inhabit that portion of the globe. The chief population of the world is in these regions. And in the middle of *them* the Star of Christ first appeared. And, led by it, the wise men

† The Jews used to speak of their Messiah under the appellation of *Bar Cocab*, or "the Son of the Star;" and false Christs actually assumed that name

passed through many nations, tongues, and kindreds, before they arrived at Judea in the West; bearing tidings to the world that the Light was come, that the "Desire of all Nations" was come. Even to Jerusalem herself they brought the first intimation that her long-expected Messiah was come.

Now, my brethren, as the East was honored in the first age, in thus pointing out the Messiah to the world; so now again, after a long interval of darkness, it is bearing witness to the truth of his religion; not indeed by the shining of a Star, but by affording luminous evidence of the divine origin of the Christian Faith. It affords evidence, not only of the general truth of its *history*, but of its peculiar *doctrines*; and not of its doctrines merely, but of the *divine power* of these doctrines in convincing the understandings and converting the hearts of men. And in this sense it is, that "we have seen his Star in the East, and are "come to worship him."

And when these evidences shall have been laid before you, you will see that the Time is come for diffusing His religion throughout the world; you will "offer gifts" in His name for the promotion of the work; and you will offer up prayers in its behalf, "that God would be pleased to make his ways "known, his saving health unto all nations."

In this discourse, we propose to lay before you,

1st. EVIDENCES of the *general truth* of the Christian Religion, existing in the East.

2dly. EVIDENCES of the *divine power* of that religion exemplified in the East.

I. The *general truth* of the Christian Religion is illustrated by certain evidences in the East. Of these we shall mention the following.

1. Ancient writings of India, containing particulars of the *history* of Christ.

2. Certain doctrines of the East, shadowing forth the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, and manifestly derived from a common origin.

3. The state of the *Jews* in the East, confirming the truth of ancient prophecy.

4. The state of the *Syrian Christians* in the East, subsisting for many ages, a separate and distinct people in the midst of the heathen world.

These subjects, however, we must notice very briefly.

1. Hindoo history illustrates the *history* of the Gospel. There have lately been discovered in India, certain Shanscrit writings containing testimonies of Christ. They relate to a Prince who reigned about the period of the Christian æra; and whose history, though mixed with fable, contains particulars which correspond, in a surprising manner, with the advent, birth, miracles, death, and resurrection of our Savior. The event mentioned in the words of the text is exactly recorded, namely, That certain holy men, di-

rected by a star, journeyed toward the west, where they beheld the incarnation of the Deity*.

These important records have been translated by a learned Orientalist†, and he has deposited the originals among the archives of the Asiatic Society. From these, and from other documents, he has compiled a work, entitled "The History of the introduction of the Christian Religion into India; its progress and decline;" and at the conclusion of the work he thus expresses himself: "I have written this account "of Christianity in India with the impartiality of an "historian; fully persuaded that our holy religion "cannot receive any additional lustre from it."

Thus far of the *history* of the Gospel.

2. We are now to notice certain *doctrines* of the east, shadowing forth the doctrines of Christianity.

The peculiar doctrines of the Christian Religion are so strongly represented in certain systems of the East, that we cannot doubt the source whence they have been derived. We find in them the doctrines of the Trinity, of the incarnation of the Deity, of the Atonement for sin, and of the influence of the Divine Spirit.

First, The doctrine of the *Trinity*. The Hindoos

* This testimony of the Hindoo writer accords with that of *Chaleidius*, the ancient commentator on Plato, who adds, "that the infant Ma-"jesty being found, the wise men worshipped, and gave gifts suitable "to so great a God."

† Mr. Wilford.

believe in *one* God Brahma, the creator of all things: and yet they represent him as subsisting in *three* persons; and they worship one or other of these persons throughout every part of India. And what proves that they hold this doctrine distinctly, is, that their most ancient representation of the Deity is formed of one body and three faces. Nor are these representations confined to India alone; but they are to be found in other parts of the East.

Whence, then, my brethren, has been derived this idea of a TRIUNE God? If, as some allege, the doctrine of the Trinity among Christians be of recent origin, whence have the Hindoos derived it? When you shall have read all the volumes of philosophy on the subject, you will not have obtained a satisfactory answer to this question.

Secondly, The doctrine of the *Incarnation* of the Deity. The Hindoos believe that one of the persons in their Trinity (and that, too, the second person,) "was manifested in the flesh." Hence their fables of the incarnations of Vishnoo, of which you may have heard. And this doctrine of the incarnation of the Deity is found over almost the whole of Asia.

Whence, then, originated this idea, that "God "should become man, and take our nature upon "him?" The Hindoos do not consider that it was an Angel merely that became man, but God himself. The incarnation of God is a frequent theme of their discourse. We cannot doubt whence this peculiar tenet of religion has been derived. We must believe that all the fabulous incarnations of the eastern, my-

thology are derived from the real incarnation of the Son of God, or from the prophecies which went before it.

Thirdly, The doctrine of *Atonement* for Sin, by the shedding of blood. To this day in Hindostan, the people bring the goat or kid to the Temple; and the priest sheds the blood of the innocent victim. Nor is this peculiar to Hindostan. Throughout the whole East, the doctrine of a sacrifice for sin seems to exist in one form or other.

How is it then, that some of you in this country say that there is no Atonement! For, ever since "Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain;" ever since Noah, the father of the new "world, offered burnt-offerings on the Altar," sacrifices have been offered up in almost every nation; as if for a constant memorial before the world, that "without shedding of blood, there is no remission of sin."

Fourthly, The doctrine of the influence of the *Spirit* of God. In the most ancient writings of the Hindoos, some of which have been lately published, it is asserted that the "divine spirit, or light of holy knowledge," influences the minds of men. And the man who is the subject of such influence is called the "man twice-born." Many chapters are devoted to the duties, character, and virtues of "the man "twice-born."

If, then, in the very systems, of the heathen world,

this exalted idea should have a place, how much more might we expect to find it in the revelation of the true God!

We could illustrate other doctrines by similar analogies, did time permit. If these analogies were merely partial or accidental, they would be less important. But they are not casual; as every man who is versed in the Holy Scriptures and in Oriental Mythology well knows. They are general and systematic. Was it ever alledged that the light of nature could teach such doctrines as these? They are all *contrary* to the light of nature.

These, my brethren, are doctrines which exist at this day, in the midst of the idolatry and moral corruption of the heathen world. Every where there appears to be a *counterfeit* of the *true* doctrine. The inhabitants have lost sight of the only true God, and they apply these doctrines to their false gods. For these doctrines are relics of the first Faith of the earth. They are, as you see, the strong characters of God's primary revelation to man, which neither the power of man, nor time itself, hath been able to destroy; but which have endured from age to age, like the works of nature, the moon and stars, which God hath created incorruptible.

3. Another circumstance illustrating the truth of the Christian religion in the East, is in the state of the *Jews*. The Jews are scattered over the whole face of the East, and the fulfilment of the *prophecies* concerning them is far more evident in these regions than it is here among Christian nations.

The last great punishment of the Jewish people was inflicted for their last great crime—their shedding the blood of the son of God! And this instance of divine indignation has been exhibited to all nations, and all natious seem to have been employed by the ordinance of God in inflicting the punishment.

By express prophecy, the Jews were sentenced to become "the scorn and reproach of all people;" and "a proverb and by-word among all nations." Now, that their stubborn unbelief should be a reproach to them among Christian nations here in the West, is not so strange; that they should be a proverb and by-word among those who had heard the prophecy concerning them is not so remarkable. But to have seen them (as I have seen them) insulted and persecuted by the ignorant nations in the East; in the very words of prophecy, "trodden down of the heathen; trodden down by a people who never heard the name of Christ; who never heard that the Jews had rejected Christ; and who, in fact, *punished the Jews, without knowing their crime*; this, I say, hath appeared to me an awful completion of the divine sentence.

4. Another monument of the Christian religion in the East, is the state of the *Syrian Christians*, subsisting for many ages a separate and distinct people, in the midst of the corruption and idolatry of the heathen world. They exist in the very midst of India, like the bush of Moses, burning and not consumed; surrounded by the enemies of their faith, and subject to their power, and yet not destroyed. There

they exist, having the pure word of God in their hands, and speaking in their churches that same language which our Savior himself spake in the streets of Jerusalem.

We may contemplate the history of this people, existing so long in that dark region, as a type of the *inextinguishable light* of Christ's religion; and in this sense it may be truly said, "We have seen his star in "the East."

The probable design of the Divine Providence, in preserving this people, appears to be this: That they should be a *seed* of the Church in Asia: that they should be a special instrument for the conversion of the surrounding heathen, when God's appointed time is come; a people prepared for his service, as fellow-laborers with us; a people, in short, in the midst of Asia, to whom we can point as an evidence to the rest, of the truth and antiquity of the Christian Faith.

And this shall suffice as to the testimonies of the general truth of Christianity existing in the East.

II. We proposed, in the second branch of the discourse, to lay before you some evidences of the *divine power* of the Christian Religion exemplified in the East.

To say that Christianity has been propogated in the East, *as* other religions have been propagated, is to say nothing. It is little to say that thousands have adopted the *name*, and that it pervades populous pro-

vinces. For three centuries past, the Romish church has diffused the *name* of Christianity throughout the East; and this success demonstrates how practicable it is to "propagate our religion," (in the common sense of that expression) througout all nations of the world. Providence seems to have ordained this previous labour of the Romish church, to facilitate the preaching of the true Gospel at the appointed time; for Christianity is found, even in its worst form, to possess a moral and civilizing efficiency.

But it is in the East, as it is in the West—all are not Christians who are called Christians. "He is "not a Christian, who is one outwardly; neither is "that baptism which is outward in the flesh." The fact was, the Romish church preached Christianity in the East, *without the Bible.*

Let us now inquire, what has been the consequence of sending the Bible to the East. It is nearly one hundred years since the Bible was sent to the Hindoos; but not by our country. This honour was given to the Protestant churches of Denmark and Germany. It was sent to a certain nation in the south of India; for there are many nations in Hindostan. What then was the effect of giving them the Bible? It was the same as that which followed the giving the Bible to us, while we lay in almost Hindoo darkness, buried in the ignorance and superstition of the church of Rome. It gave light and knowledge; God blessed his own word to the conversion of the heart, and men began to worship him in sincerity and truth.

That province in India, which was blessed with the Bible, hath since "seen a great Light." During nearly the whole of the last century, multitudes of Hindoos (both heathens and Roman Catholics) became members of the Protestant church, one generation after another; and amongst them there has ever been found, according to the records of the Mission*, such a proportion of serious piety, as you might expect to find, when the Gospel is preached with faithfulness and zeal.

During the whole of the last century, Providence favored them with a succession of holy and learned men, educated at the Universities of Germany: among whom was the venerable SWARTZ, called the Apostle of the East; and others not much inferior to him, men whose names are scarcely known in this country, but who are as famous among the Hindoos, as Wickliffe and Luther are amongst us. The ministry of these good men was blessed in many provinces in the south of India, and the bounds of their churches are extending unto this day. The language of the country is called the *Tamul*; and the first translation of the Bible, in that language, was made, as we said, about a hundred years ago. Like Wickliffe's Bible with us, it became the father of many versions, and, after a succession of improved editions, it is now considered by the Brahmins themselves (like Luther's Bible in German) as the classical standard of the Tamul tongue.

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* These Records are published in upwards of 30 volumes, thick 4to

A jubilee has lately been celebrated in India, in honor of the Gospel. In the month of July, 1806, a jubilee was observed by these Hindoo churches, in commemoration of the arrival of the two first Protestant missionaries on the 9th of July, 1706. The year 1806, being the *hundreth* year (or the second fiftieth) since the Gospel first visited their land, was to them "the year of jubilee." The happy occasion had been long anticipated, and was marked with demonstrations of joy and gladness. The people, as we were informed, walked in procession to their churches, carrying palms in their hands, and singing the 98th Psalm; and, after offering up praises and thanksgivings to the Most High, they heard a sermon suitable to the day. The sermon at the jubilee of Tritchinopoly was preached by their aged minister, the Rev. Mr. Pohle, from these words: "Go ye, therefore, "and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name "of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy "Ghost*."

These were the effects of sending the Bible to the East. Men were "brought to a knowledge of the truth;" and at the end of a hundred years, the natives kept the jubilee of the *Bible*.

Such, my brethren, was the light in the south of India. And now a light hath sprung up in the north, of which you have heard. Our own country hath begun, though late, to dispense "the word of life."

* See Accounts of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," just published.

And although the time has been short, the success has been great. In the north, in the west, and in Ceylon, translations of the Scriptures are going on in almost all the languages of Oriental India.

Our own country hath at length assumed an interest in diffusing the Gospel. "In the fulness of time," we trust, her different societies have come forth, as with one consent, to begin the work of evangelizing the East. "In the fulness of time" we trust, hath this country begun, by these instruments, to employ her great power, and her enlightened zeal, in extending the knowledge of the true God throughout the world.

We ought not to regret that the work is carried on by Christians of different denominations; for if they teach the religion of the Bible, their labor will be blessed. We have no contentions in India, like those in Britain, between Protestants of different names. There they are all friends. The strife there is between light and darkness; between the true God and an idol. So liberal and catholic is the Christian in Asia (while he looks over the map of the world, and can scarcely find where the isle of Britain lies) that he considers even the term "Protestant," as being in a certain degree exclusive or sectarian. "The religion of the Bible," or, "the religion of Christ," is the name by which he would describe his creed. For when the idolator once abjures his own cast for the Gospel, he considers the differences of Protestants (if he ever hear of them) as being very insignificant. Indeed he

cannot well understand them. In the great revolution that takes place in his mind (if his conversion be real) he cannot contemplate these minute objects. We ought not, then, I say, to regret that different classes of Christians are employed in the work. For the case is an exact paralliel of that recorded in the Gospel (Mark ix. 38 :) "And John answering said, Master, "we saw one casting out Devils in thy name, and he "followeth not *us*; and we forbad him, because he "followeth not *us*. But Jesus said, FORBID HIM "NOT."

On my arrival from India, a few months ago, I learned that a controversy had engaged the attention of the public, for some time, on the question of sending missions to the East. In the future history of our country it will scarcely be believed, that in the present age an attempt should have been made to prevent the diffusion of the blessed principles of the Christain religion. It will not be believed that an attempt should have been made to prove by argument, that it was wrong to make known the Revelation of the true God to our fellow men; or if, in some instances it might be permitted (as in the case of remote nations) that we ought not to instruct *that* people who were affirmed to be the most superstitious, and *most* prejudiced; and who were *our own* subjects. We scarcely believe ourselves that, twenty years ago, an attempt was made to defend the traffic in *slaves*, and that books were written to shew that it was humane in its character, just in its principle, and honorable to our nation. The discussion, therefore, th

has taken place on the civilization of the East, has been of important use. Men in general were not informed. The scene of action was remote, and the subject was new in almost all its relations. Even to some of those persons, who had been in India, the subject was new. Just as in this country, if you were to ask certain persons whether they had any acquaintance with the *religious* world, they would say they had never heard there was such a *world*; so some from India hazarded an opinion concerning the "inveterate prejudices" of certain tribes in the East, who scarcely knew the geography of the country where they lived; what their religion was or whether they had any religion at all. They had seen no Star in the East; they had heard of no jubilee for the Bible. Like the spies of Israel, who brought back "an evil report" from Canaan, they reported that India was no "land of promise" for the gospel; that the land was *barren*, and that the men were *Anakims*. But the faithful Swartz gave another testimony. He affirmed that it is "exceeding good land;" and "his record is "true." He who was best qualified to give an opinion on the subject, who preached among the Hindoos for nearly fifty years, founded churches among them in different provinces, established schools for their children, disseminated religious tracts in their own tongue, and intimately knew their language, manners, prejudices, and superstitions; he who restored the Christian character to respect, after it had fallen into contempt; who was selected by the natives as an arbiter of their differences with the English, and whom both Hindoos and English loved and feared in his life

and honored in his death*; this good man, I say, differed in opinion from some, who have lately ventured to give a judgment in this matter: he affirmed that it was England's DUTY to make known the Revelation of the true God to her Indian subjects.

In the mean time, while men hold different opinions on the subject here, the great work goes on in the East. The Christians there will probably never hear of our dissentions; nor, if they should hear of them, would they be much interested about them. And on this point I judge it right to notice a very singular mistake, which appears to have existed on both sides of the

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* At the funeral of Mr. Swartz, the Hindoo Rajah of Tanjore came to do honor to his memory in the presence of his Braminical Court. *He covered the body with a gold cloth, and shed a flood of tears.* He afterwards composed an epitath for him whom he called "his father and his friend," and caused it to be inscribed on the stone which covers Swartz's grave, in one of the Christian churches of Tanjore.

The English also have pronounced a noble and affecting encomium on the character of this estimable Missionary.

The Honorable the East-India Company have sent out to Madras a monument of marble to be erected in the church of St. Mary at that place, to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Swartz, inscribed with a suitable epitaph; and they announced it, in their general letter, dated the 29th of October, 1806, "as a testimony of the deep sense they entertained of "his trancendent merit, of his unwearied labors in the cause of religion "and piety, and of his public services at Tanjore, where the influence "of his name and character was, for a long course of years, productive "of important benefits to the Company." The Honorable Court further adds: "On no subject has the Court of Directors been more unanimous "than in their anxious desire to perpetuate the memory of this eminent "person, and *to excite in others an emulation of his great example.*" They direct finally, "that translations shall be made of the epitaph into the "country languages, and published at Madras; and that the native inhabitants shall be well encouraged to view the monument."

question. It seems to have been understood that we have it in our power to prevent the progress of Christianity in India, if we wish to do so; if such a measure should be recommended by what is called "a wise "policy." But we have *no* power to prevent the extension of the Christian religion in India. We have it in our power, indeed, greatly to *promote* it, but we have no power to *destroy* it. It would be as easy to extinguish Christianity in Great-Britain as in India. There are thousands of Christians in India—hundreds of thousands of Christians. And while we are contending here, whether it be a proper thing to convert the Hindoos, they will go on extending the bounds of their churches, keeping their jubilees, and enjoying the blessings of the Gospel, regardless of our opinions or authority.

The dispute in this country, relative to the efficiency of preaching the faith of Christ to the heathen world, is not unlike the dispute of the Jewish doctors in the Gospel, concerning our Saivor's power "to "forgive sins." We read that our Lord had healed a woman, who was a sinner. And he said unto her, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath sav-"ed thee; go in peace." Then began the Pharisees to say within themselves, "Who is this that forgiveth "sins also?" But she felt in herself that she was healed, and, leaving the doctors to dispute whether "her "faith could save her or not," she departed in peace and joy.

So, while we are disputing here, whether the faith of Christ can save the heathens, the Gospel hath gone

forth "for the healing of the nations." A congregation of Hindoos will assemble on the morning of the Sabbath, under the shade of a Banian tree, not one of whom, perhaps, ever heard of Great-Britain by name. There the holy Bible is opened; the word of Christ is preached with eloquence and zeal; the affections are excited; the voice of prayer and praise is lifted up; and he who hath promised his presence, "when two "or three are gathered together in his name, is there "in the midst of them to bless them, according to his "word." These scenes I myself have witnessed; and it is in this sense in particular I can say, "We "have seen his star in the East, and are come to wor-"ship him."

Thus far we have spoken of the success of the Gospel in Asia, by means of European preachers. But we shall now exhibit to you evidence from another source, from a new and unexpected quarter. We are now to declare what has been done, independently of *our* exertions, and in regions where we have no laborers, and no access. And this I do to show you, that whether we aasist in the work or not, it is God's will *that it should begin.* You have hitherto been contemplating the light in India. We are now to announce to you, that a light hath appeared in Arabia, and dawned, as it were, on the temple of Mecca itself.

Two Mahometans of Arabia, persons of consideration in their own country, have been lately converted to the Christian faith. One of them has already suffered martyrdom, and the other is now engaged in trans

lating the scriptures, and in concerting plans for the conversion of his countrymen. The name of the martyr was Abdallah, and the name of the other who is now translating the scriptures, is Sabat; or, as he is called since his Christian baptism, Nathaniel Sabat.—Sabat resided in my house some time before I left India, and I had from his own mouth the chief part of the account which I shall now give you. Some particulars I had from others. His conversion took place after the martyrdom of Abdallah, "to whose death "he was consenting;" and he related the circumstances to me with many tears.

Abdallah and Sabat were intimate friends, and being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together, and to visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mahometans. Sabat is son of Ibrahim Sabat, a noble family of the line of Beni-Sabat, who trace their pedigree to Mahomet. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adorations at the tomb of their prophet at Mecca, and traveled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state under Zemaun Shah, king of Cabul; and Sabat left him there, and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith by the perusal of a Bible (as is supposed) belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul*. In the Mahometan states, it

* The Armenian Christians in Persia have among them a few copies of the Arabic Bible.

is death for a man of rank to become a Christian.—Abdallah endeavored for a time to conceal his conversion, but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bochara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city by his friend Sabat, who immediately recognized him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed that he was a Christian, and implored him, by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. "But, sir," said Sabat, when relating the story himself, "I *had no pity*. I caused my ser-"vants to seize him, and I delivered him up to Morad-"Shah, king of Bochara. He was sentenced to die, "and a herald went through the city of Bochara, an-"nouncing the time of his execution. An immense "multitude attended, and the chief men of the city. "I also went and stood near to Abdallah. He was "offered his life, if he would abjure Christ, the exe-"cutioner standing by him with his sword in his "hand. 'No,' said he (as if the proposition were "impossible to be complied with) I cannot abjure "Christ.' Then one of his hands was cut off at the "wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side "with but little motion. A physician, by desire of "the king, offered to heal the wound, if he would re-"cant. He made no answer, but looked up stead-"fastly towards heaven, like Stephen the first martyr, "his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with

"anger towards *me*.. He looked at me, but it was "benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. "His other hand was then cut off. But, sir," said Sabat, in his imperfect English, "he never *changed*, "he never *changed*. And when he bowed his head to "receive the blow of death, all Bochara seemed to "say, 'What new thing is this?

Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would have recanted when he was offered his life; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. He travelled from place to place, seeking rest, and finding none. At last he thought that he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. Soon after his arrival, he was appointed by the English government a Mufti, or expounder of Mahometan law; his great learning, and respectable station in his own country, rendering him eminently qualified for that office. And now the period of his own conversion drew near. While he was at Visagapatam, in the nothern Circars, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament in Arabic*. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared them together, and at length the truth of the word of God fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards he proceeded to Madras, a journey of 300

* One of those copies sent to India by the "Society for promoting Christian knowledge."

miles, to seek Christian baptism; and having made a public confession of his faith, he was baptised by the Rev. Dr. Kerr, in the English church at that place, by the name of Nathaniel, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Being now desirous to devote his future life to the glory of God, he resigned his secular employ, and came by invitation to Bengal, where he is now engaged in translating the scriptures into the Persian language. This work hath not hitherto been executed, for want of a translator of sufficient ability. The Persian is an important language in the East, being the general language of western Asia, particularly among the higher classes, and is understood from Calcutta to Damascus. But the great work which occupies the attention of this noble Arabian, is the promulgation of the Gospel among his own countrymen; and from the present fluctuations of religious opinion in Arabia, he is sanguine in his hopes of success. His first work is entitled, (Neama Besharatin lil Arabi,) "*Happy News for Arabia*;" written in the Nabuttee,, or common dialect of the country. It contains an eloquent and argumentative elucidation of the truth of the Gospel, with copious authorities admitted by the Mahometans themselves, and particularly by the Wahabians. And prefixed to it, is an account of the conversion of the author, and an appeal to the members of his well-known family in Arabia, for the truth of the facts.*

* Sabat is now at Dinapore, in Bengal, with the Rev. Mr. Martyn, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Chaplain to the East-India company, who is well qualified, by his knowledge of the Arabic and Persian

The following circumstance is in the history of Sabat ought not to have been omitted. When his family in Arabia had heard that he had followed the example of Abdallah, and become a Christian, they dispatched his brother to India, (a voyage of two months,) to assassinate him. While Sabat was sitting in his house at Visagapatam, his brother presented himself in the disguise of a Faqueer, or beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him. But Sabat seized his arm, and his servants came to his assistance. He then recognized his brother. The assassin would have become the victim of public justice, but Sabat interceded for his brother, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents to his mother's house in Arabia.

And these, my brethren, are the instances I wished to lay before you, of the divine power of the Christian religion recently exemplified in the East. The conversions of Abdallah and Sabat seem to have been as evidently produced by the Spirit of God, as any conversion in the primitive church. Other instances have occurred in Arabia of a similar kind, and on the very borders of Palestine itself. These are like the

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languages, to superintend his labors. Mirza Fitrut, another celebrated Persian scholar, who visited England some years ago, is engaged as the coadjutor of Sabat in his translation. Mr. Martyn himself is translating the scriptures into the Hindostanee language. Sabat, soon after his arrival in Bengal, visited the baptist missionaries at Serampore, and remained there for two months and a half, that is, from August to October, 1807. Ever since that period he has been at Dinapore. Mr. Martyn, in his latest letters, speaks of his friend Sabat in terms of affection and admiration. Sabat accounted himself, at one time, the best mathematician and logician in Arabia. Mr. Martyn was senior wrangler in mathematics at Cambridge, in the year 1801.

solitary notices which, in other nations, have announced the approach of general illumination. John Huss, and Jerom of Prague, were not, perhaps, more talked of in Europe, than Abdallah and Sabat are at this day, in Bucharia and Arabia.

What conclusion, then, shall we draw from these facts? It is this: that the time for diffusing our religion in the East is come. We shall notice some other particulars which encourage us to think that the time is come.

1. The minds of good men seem every where to be impressed with the duty of making the attempt. Nearly fifteen years have elapsed since it began, and their ardor is not abated. On the contrary, they gather strength as they proceed; new instruments are found, and liberal contributions are made by the people. Indeed, the consciences of men seem to bear witness that the work is of God.

The rapid success of this undertaking must appear almost incredible to those who are not acquainted with the fact. Translations of the Scriptures are carried on, not only in the languages of India, Persia, and Arabia, but in those also of Burmah and China. Mount Caucasus, in the interior of Asia, is another centre of translation for the East, particularly for the numerous nations of the Tartar race. The Scriptures are preparing for the Malayan isles, and for the isles of the Pacific sea. The great continent of Africa has become the scene of different missions and translations. North and South America are sending forth the

Scriptures. They are sent to the uttermost parts of the earth. They have been sent to Greenland, Labrador, and Austral Asia. We might almost say, "There is no language, where their voice is not heard."

And this spirit, for the diffusion of truth, is not confined to Britain. It is found among good men of every Christian nation. Perhaps on this day prayers are offered up in behalf of the work, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. We are encouraged then, to believe, that the time is come, in the first place, by the *consent* of *good men*. When I say good men, I mean religious and devout men, whose minds are not entirely occupied with the politics and affairs of this world, but who are "looking for the consolation of Israel;" as is expressed in these words, "Thy king-"dom come."

2. Another circumstance indicating that the time is at hand, is the general contemplation of the *prophecies*. The prophecies of scripture are at this time pondered as seriously in Asia as in Europe. Even the Jews in the East, begin to study the oracles of their prophet Isaiah. And, what is more important, the prophecies begin to be published among heathen nations; and we may expect that every nation will soon be able to read the divine decree concerning itself.

3. The holy scriptures are translating into various languages.

When the Gospel was first to be preached to all nations, it was necessary to give a diversity of *tongues*;

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